

COMMENT OF
THE DAY

A Word Of Praise

LET us, on this Christmas Eve, praise and give thanks to the Colony's postal workers. The community has good reason to feel indebted. Few other cities with a comparable population could point to a post office organisation successfully handling three million items in the space of ten days. It is a remarkable achievement.

But it could only have been accomplished by first-rate organising backed up by loyal and highly efficient work on the part of all postal employees functioning at all levels. Postmaster-General Suville paid a generous but wholly deserving tribute when he declared "I am proud of my staff and the work they have carried out this Christmas." The public warmly associates itself with that sentiment.

It is exciting to be told that Christmas mail postings have broken all Hongkong records; that in one day more than half a million items were handled in our post offices; that during a 10-day period ending on Thursday the postal department handled 1,331 bags of air mail, 7,867 bags of surface letter mail, 3,450 bags of parcel mail. It is fascinating to learn that in four successive days more than a ton of mail was received and despatched at local post offices.

But it also tells us that the spirit of Christmas in Hongkong, far from diminishing, is increasing. It is a good sign, and one to be welcomed. For while it means extra heavy burdens on all extra employed in the post offices, it also demonstrates that Christmas has a meaning for a growing number of people in Hongkong which they are anxious to share with others.

It is the thought behind the Christmas card and the seasonal letter which matters, and even if they are not followed by an exchange of regular correspondence they have achieved something—brought together, if fleetingly, the thoughts of people who might not otherwise have shown any consciousness of each other's existence.

Which is the real reason for appreciating the work of the post office at this time. Without its superb organisation there could be no wide exchange of Christmas greetings and wishes.

CAMBODIA-VIETNAM
TENSION

No White
Christmas
For Europe

London, Dec. 23. Prospects for a white Christmas were not bright in most of Europe today with only Sweden and some mountain areas covered with snow.

The heaviest snowfall since 1934 has dislocated road services in Sweden, holding up mail deliveries and delaying crowds moving homewards for the holiday.

Helicopters were being used to carry postmen to tens of thousands of small islands round Sweden's coasts, and planes and furniture vans were carrying mail from Stockholm to other cities and villages.

Reuter correspondents in other European centres reported:

DAMP AND MILD
Paris: Christmas weather in Paris was expected to be damp. Bonn: Mild weather settled on West Germany. Only the highest slopes of the forest were expected to provide fair skiing conditions.

Berne: Temperature rose today in Switzerland, bringing mist and rain—and gloomy prospect for winter sports at Christmas except on the highest slopes.

Rome: Snow fell today in the mountains of south Italy. Many Alpine winter sports resorts reported much snow.

Brussels: Storm is expected all over Belgium on Christmas Eve and may continue over Christmas Day.—Reuter.

SHIP AGROUND

Oslo, Dec. 23. A British ship ran aground and sank off the coast of northern Norway tonight, and it is feared that 11 men were killed.

A Norwegian coastal ship answered the trawler's distress signal and plucked 12 men from the cold Arctic sea. Two bodies were recovered and nine other crewmen were missing and feared dead.

The trawler Prince Charles was reported moving through a heavy snowstorm when it went aground on a tiny rock called Karkem Island off the frozen Finnmark coast of Norway.—United Press.

State Of Siege
Extended

Rio de Janeiro, Dec. 23. Brazil's acting President, Senhor Nereu Ramos today signed a decree extending the state of siege for another 30 days.

The state of siege, restricting civil liberties, was imposed following the second of last month's military coup.—Reuter.

China Mail
Feature
Highlights

Here are some of the feature highlights in today's China Mail:

P. 5 The man who abolished Christmas, by Felix Barker; Jet age doctors find new perils to pilots by Arthur Brenard; Gilles.

P. 6 Pilgrims crowd into Bethlehem, by Monica Dehn; How to dodge a 5 o'clock shadow.

P. 7 This Mr Marshall also has a plan, by Les Armour.

P. 8 When women did the talking, by Amanda Marshall.

P. 13 Courtesy is not dead, but there are bad influences, says Sir Beverley Baxter.

P. 16 & 17 Local and overseas sports review.

Put Poison
In Wine Vats
Allegation

Albi, France, Dec. 23. A 62-year-old woman put arsenic compound in vats of wine to poison her son-in-law—and made 11 people ill in the process, police said today.

They included her daughter, her three grandchildren aged between three and six and six farm workers. These all recovered, but the son-in-law, Marius Mourel, 27, was left half paralysed and able to walk only with crutches.

The police said the grandmother, Lucie Mazars, had confessed to poisoning five wine vats in the farm cellar nine months ago after quarrels at Mazars' farm near here.

They alleged that she did not poison the vat then in use calculating that the vat would last until she and her husband moved.

When one of the farm workers suspected the wine of being the cause of the illness, a doctor examined Mourel and his wife and diagnosed arsenic poisoning. Police opened an investigation which led to the arrest of Lucie Mazars.

Mazars was later charged with administering poison with intent to kill. This offence has a maximum punishment of death.—China Mail Special.

Rebel Chief
Surrenders

Batna, Algeria, Dec. 23. An important Algerian rebel commander, Kerdadou All Mekel, surrendered to the French army last Tuesday, it was announced today.

His surrender was viewed as a clear indication of internal disputes among terrorist bands operating in the mountain regions of Eastern Algeria.

A notorious rebel leader, Si All Bachir, was recently assassinated by a rival rebel band. Kerdadou was said to have surrendered because he was afraid of suffering the same fate.

Kerdadou was the rebel commander in the Djebel Cherchar, an extensive zone in south-eastern Algeria between the Aurès and Nememthous mountains.—France-Press.

TROOPS SENT TO
FRONTIER

Pnom Penh, Cambodia, Dec. 23. Cambodia accused Vietnam today of violating her territory and warned she would take "all necessary military measures" of defence.

Informal sources said Cambodia was sending troop reinforcements to the frontier.

A Pnom Penh radio broadcast revealed the new but potentially dangerous tension between the two American-backed Governments of Cambodian Prince-Premier Norodom Sihanouk and South Vietnamese President Ngo Dinh Diem.

Up to now both Governments have joined the fighting against infiltrations from Communist North Vietnam.

ISLAND INVADED

The broadcast charged that 25 South Vietnamese soldiers from the 50-mile-long island of Phu Quoc invaded the tiny Cambodian islands of Koh Thmey and Koh Ses on Nov. 1.

They have since been spreading word that the islands are about to be annexed by South Vietnam, the broadcast said.

It added that during the night of Nov. 29-30 a heavily armed Vietnamese patrol boat stopped and searched a fleet of Cambodian fishing boats five kilometres south of Kep, a Cambodian port 18 kilometres west of the South Vietnamese frontier.

The Vietnamese held the Cambodian fishermen all night and fined them 850 rials (US\$20) for alleged violation of South Vietnamese waters, the broadcast said.—United Press.

The Soft Answer That
Turneth Away Wrath

Washington, Dec. 23. There is little doubt that the American State Department will reply to the Indian note dated December 13, asking for clarification of the American Government's attitude regarding Goa.

The reply, according to generally well-informed American sources, will be drafted in moderate terms. The United States do not want to envenom the present controversy between India and Portugal over a territory that for 400 years has been under Portuguese administration, and that India now claims for her own.

The Indian note resulted from the joint American-Portuguese communiqué issued after the talks between the American Secretary of State, Mr John Foster Dulles, and the Portuguese Foreign Minister, Dr Paulo Cunha, in which allusion was made to the "Portuguese Provinces in the Far East."

It will point out that on both occasions Mr Dulles did not go to the root of the matter.

The State Department will at the same time state in general terms that the United States remains as strongly opposed as ever to all forms of colonialism.—France-Press.

"ABANDONMENT"

Although the Indian note has not yet been made public, it is believed that the Indian Government has declared what it calls the "abandonment" by the United States of its anti-colonial tradition.

Reference will also be made, it is believed, to Mr Dulles's comments on the Soviet leaders' remarks during their recent trip in India and Burma, which, according to Mr Dulles, would tend to encourage a recourse to force for the settlement of the question.

It is believed that the Indian Government has pointed out, in diplomatic language that it is a question of not having recourse to violence, India does not need anyone's advice.

The United States diplomats here thought today, will reply with the greatest reserve.

REVOLUTIONARY
PLANE

Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Dec. 23. A wingless, tailless plane, which will travel faster than sound, is being built for the United States Navy research department, it was revealed today.

The plane's designer, Dr A. M. Lippisch, creator of the Delta Wing aircraft and the Messerschmitt 163, today described the Aerodyne, the name given to the new plane.

The Aerodyne is in fact simply a jet-propelled fuselage capable of vertical landing and take off by deflection of the thrust of the plane's powerful jet engines.—France-Press.

The Season's
Greetings

The Editor and staff of the China Mail join in wishing readers a very happy Christmas and a peaceful and prosperous New Year.

FLOODS A
Major
Disaster

Washington, Dec. 23. President Eisenhower today declared the California floods to be a major disaster and authorised what the White House called "blank cheque" financial assistance for the stricken area.

Rain-swollen rivers today broke their banks in three western American states to engulf whole towns and villages and claim at least 12 deaths in the worst flood disaster in years.

A telegram sent by the President's deputy assistant, Mr Wilton Persons, to the Governor of California, Mr Goodwin Knight, said: "The President has asked me to express his deep concern with the hardship and suffering caused the people of your state by these floods."

TEAMS ALERTED

The Secretary of Agriculture, Mr Ezra Benson, offered food supplies to the Californian authorities and the army alerted emergency teams.

Dozens of houses were carried away, some with swimming pools hanging from the windows.

Helicopters flew over the flooded area plucking people from rooftops.

The torrential rains which caused the floods were showing no signs of abating. They were described as the worst in a hundred years.—Reuter.

Two More Train
Accidents

London, Dec. 23. The astonishing spate of railway accidents in Britain continues. Six people were taken to hospital today after the London to Basingstoke (Hampshire) train crashed into the back of a stationary goods train near Woking (Surrey).

A coach of the London-Bristol express caught fire this afternoon. There were no casualties in the last month, over 20 people were killed in railway accidents in Britain.—France-Press.

CANCEL STRIKE

London, Dec. 23. London tugmen agreed today to cancel a strike notice threatening a shipping holdup in the River Thames from New Year's Day.

They accepted slight bonus increases and decided to continue on January 3, joint discussions with cargo owners regarding their claims for a 44-hour week and other improved conditions.—Reuter.

ALL A QUESTION
OF AGE

Pretty Conundrum For
An American Judge

Philadelphia, Dec. 23. The Government and counsel for a naturalised Chinese-American prepared briefs today to aid a Federal Judge determine if a Chinese boy had passed his 21st birthday when his father sought to bring him from China to the United States.

Judge John W. Lord, Jr., ordered the briefs submitted next Thursday after conducting a hearing on the case yesterday.

Frank Woo, a naturalised citizen and owner of a local Chinese restaurant, asked the court to reverse the ruling of the Immigration and Naturalisation Service barring the entry of his son, Sak Chee.

The Service based its decision on the grounds that the boy was past the age of 21, and thereby ineligible, when his father sought to bring him here to finish his education. Woo claimed the boy was not yet 21 at the time.

HK EVIDENCE

At the hearing, the Government presented the testimony of two Hongkong physicians who examined the son and said he was between 21 and 23.

X'mas Holiday
Publications

The next publication of the China Mail will be on Tuesday, December 27. This issue will be on the streets in the mid morning, and will contain, in addition to the news of the day, racing selections by both the China Mail and South China Morning Post staffers, for Tuesday's Happy Valley meeting.

The South China Morning Post will publish its next issue on Wednesday, December 28. The Sunday Post-Herald will publish as usual tomorrow.

John E. Naulty, counsel for Woo, however, presented an opinion from Dr Hilton M. Krogman, chairman of the Department of Anthropology of the University of Pennsylvania, who said 18 X-ray photographs of the boy's skull showed his maximum age at 20 years and six months when his entry was barred.

Woo, using a Chinese and Gregorian calendar for cross tabulation, testified his son was born on Dec. 13, 1934, without an attending physician.

He said the boy, two other children and his wife live in China on the money he sends them.—United Press.

Tonight's The
Night
For The Royal
Children

Sandringham, Dec. 23. Prince Charles and Princess Anne, firm believers in Santa Claus and the good things of Christmas, will open their gifts tomorrow night.

The Royal Family always exchanges presents on Christmas eve, a custom started a century ago by Queen Victoria's husband, Prince Albert.

What the Prince and Princess will get is a well-kept secret, but highly informed sources (Santa himself, to be exact) say the Prince wants a jet plane. He's also interested in a yacht—small size.

TOY HELICOPTER

His mother, the Queen, bought a toy helicopter that flies in all London department stores, a few days ago—presumably for Charles.

And as for Princess Anne, she has expressed keen interest in pots, pans and other housewifely equipment.

The Prince and Princess visited Santa last Dec. 13 at Harrod's department store in London. It was then that they confided their deep desire for a jet plane and a pot and pan set.—United Press.

MR MENON HAS
APPENDICITIS

New York, Dec. 23. Mr V. K. Krishna Menon, India's chief delegate to the United Nations, is ill with appendicitis. Doctors are deciding whether to operate.

Mr Menon led the Indian delegation to the United Nations General Assembly which adjourned last Tuesday. He had originally intended to leave New York by air on Thursday to return to New Delhi by way of London.—Reuter.

HONG KONG
TOKYO
San
Francisco

3 Flights
MON, WED, FRI

JAL
JAPAN AIR LINES

Open House, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650, 652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670, 672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690, 692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730, 732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750, 752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770, 772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790, 792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810, 812, 814, 816, 818, 820, 822, 824, 826, 828, 830, 832, 834, 836, 838, 840, 842, 844, 846, 848, 850, 852, 854, 856, 858, 860, 862, 864, 866, 868, 870, 872, 874, 876, 878, 880, 882, 884, 886, 888, 890, 892, 894, 896, 898, 900, 902, 904, 906, 908, 910, 912, 914, 916, 918, 920, 922, 924, 926, 928, 930, 932, 934, 936, 938, 940, 942, 944, 946, 948, 950, 952, 954, 956, 958, 960, 962, 964, 966, 968, 970, 972, 974, 976, 978, 980, 982, 984, 986, 988, 990, 992, 994, 996, 998, 1000

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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

A 5-Year Lead For Britain

IN THE ATOMS FOR PEACE RACE AGAINST AMERICA

Washington. U.S. atomic officials expect that Britain — and perhaps Russia — will beat America to economic nuclear power by at least five years.

For all they know Russia will have it at about the same time as Britain — in 1960. The United States may get it in 1965. One reason for this, an officer of the Atomic Energy Commission said recently, was that nuclear power had a competitive advantage overseas where coal was far more costly than in America.

Cheap A-Power

Another reason was that "our long-range goal is not only competitive but cheap atomic power."

Half a dozen Atomic Energy Commission officials discussed the U.S. nuclear power program at a seminar for about 250 reporters. Britain's Calder Hall Atomic Plant will begin generating around 100,000 kilowatts of electrical power next July.

Russia says it has a 100,000-kilowatt plant that will begin operating next year.

The United States expects to get its 60,000-kilowatt plant at Shippingport, Pa., started on an experimental basis in 1957.

The British say improved versions of its Calder Hall Plant will be able to compete with coal by 1960. U.S. officials say they are probably right. But no American atomic authority will be able to guess when nuclear power will be economic in America until the Shippingport and other big plants, yet to be built, have been in operation for several years.

So when will atomic power be able to pay its way in America?

"If I had to make a guess," one high-ranking AEC official said, "I would say probably on the order of 10 years from now."

New England and other high power cost areas would probably be the first to tap the atom economically.

The Shippingport plant, the first large-scale nuclear power station attempted in the United States, will not be able to repay its \$85,000,000 cost — except as a research operation.

All told, counting this station, private industry has proposed seven atomic power plants under the AEC's power demonstration programme.

Whether the other six will actually be built remains to be seen. Paper plans call for their completion at intervals up to 1962.

If all seven plants are built — and we hope they will be," said an AEC official — by 1962 they will be generating 1,000,000 kilowatts of electricity in America.

Apart from the huge research and development costs, borne by the taxpayer, these plants will cost private companies involved about \$350,000,000 and the Government \$60,000,000.

The Government is investigating a number of new atomic furnace ideas, including one which would use liquid organic compounds of the phenol family to replace water and so get higher temperatures and more efficiency at smaller pressures. —United Press.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"Hey, Mom! Is there another box of tree decorations? We can't find the angel you used to say looked like us!"

SECRETS OF THE ROYAL KITCHEN

Churchill Was A Hearty Eater

Chicago. The former chef for England's Royal Family said that Sir Winston Churchill was the heartiest eater he remembered at Buckingham Palace.

Rene Roussin, here to act as "guest advisory chef" to a Chicago restaurant, served the late King George from 1937 to 1947 when illness forced him to retire.

The Queen Mother would mention that a "gentleman who likes a lot to eat" was coming to dine. "Then I would know that Mr. Churchill was coming," M. Roussin said. "For Mr. Churchill I would double everything, and often he would ask for a second helping."

One trick, he said, was to stuff one partridge inside of another, so the former Prime Minister would appear to be eating the normal helping.

M. Roussin, now 61, was born in Paris and became an apprentice cook at the age of 12. He worked in various countries

and aboard ocean liners, and cooked for a home the King and Queen at a home they visited in North Africa in the '30s. They sent for him to be their chef after the coronation.

He says the present Queen and Princess Margaret used to request his boiled chicken and rice, and were "crazy for any kind of pudding." Their mother liked almost everything, he said, and he "used to watch her calories for her because she didn't pay much attention."



His wife, an English woman, does the cooking in their home. She doesn't cook English style, which he describes as "impossible," or French style — "just her own style, and it's good."

M. Roussin would not comment on American cooking because he's always eaten French dishes during his infrequent visits to the United States.

But he said he is amazed by the boasts of American men that food items are "genuine," "high-grade," "fresh," and such. "If something isn't fresh or high-grade, it shouldn't be on the menu," he said. —United Press.

★ An editor's apology for the fact that among the 100 odd pictures of Sir Winston Churchill in our files — taken at various stages in his life between eight and 80 and in almost every posture imaginable — there is not one of him eating. But in the one above he might well be replying to the charge of heavy eating: "Well, there is rather a lot of me, you know."

We trust he will not take exception to our presumption.

Happy Birthday — By Air

Brisbane. Six flights by two small aircraft moved a lot of food inland from Cairns to a homestead near Charters Towers, northern Queensland, for the 21st birthday of Vera Lawrence, daughter of a cattleman.

The planes carried hams, bacon, crabs, oysters, prawns, chickens, and ice-cream to feed the 300 guests and an orchestra to entertain them. Some guests travelled thousands of miles to attend the party held under canvas in the homestead yard. —The China Mail Special.

Pelicans To Have Noisy New Year

Kampala, Uganda. A pilot pelican scaring scheme is to be started on Uganda's Lake George, where thousands of storks and pelicans are ravaging the fish population.

Special "banger" machines have been ordered which will let off a bang like a shotgun every 20 seconds for 10 hours after being allied with a couple of handfuls of carbide.

The machines act on the same principle as carbide lamps except that they produce a series of explosions instead of a steady flame.

The carbide bangs will be interspersed with an occasional real shotgun round to persuade the pelicans that there's no fooling. Otherwise they would soon realise that the noise was harmless.

Their Snack Bar

The Government — sponsored Fisheries on Lake George supply the whole of Uganda and parts of Kenya. They take more than 8,000,000 pounds of fish a year from the lake. They would like to make it 9,000,000 pounds, but the pelicans and maribou storks disagree.

The birds are estimated to take about the same weight of fish from the lake as the men. A pelican eats about three tons of fish a year.

The fisheries' latest effort to increase the yield is to build a series of ponds where the small fry can be reared. This move has proved highly popular with the birds which regard the ponds as a sort of snack bar.

They decimate the small fry before going on to the main course on the lake. It is on the ponds that the experimental "pelican bangers" will be installed. —United Press.

Locked In Cellar For 15 Years

Athens. A man who was locked in a cellar for 15 years was freed bygendarmes at the village of Lamboli. In the Palace, after the police prefect had received an anonymous letter.

The captive, Spiros Galanopoulos, a retired air force warrant officer aged 51, was unable to stand or speak when he was released.

Police said he suffered from a mental illness and was locked up by his relatives. —Cairns Mail Special.

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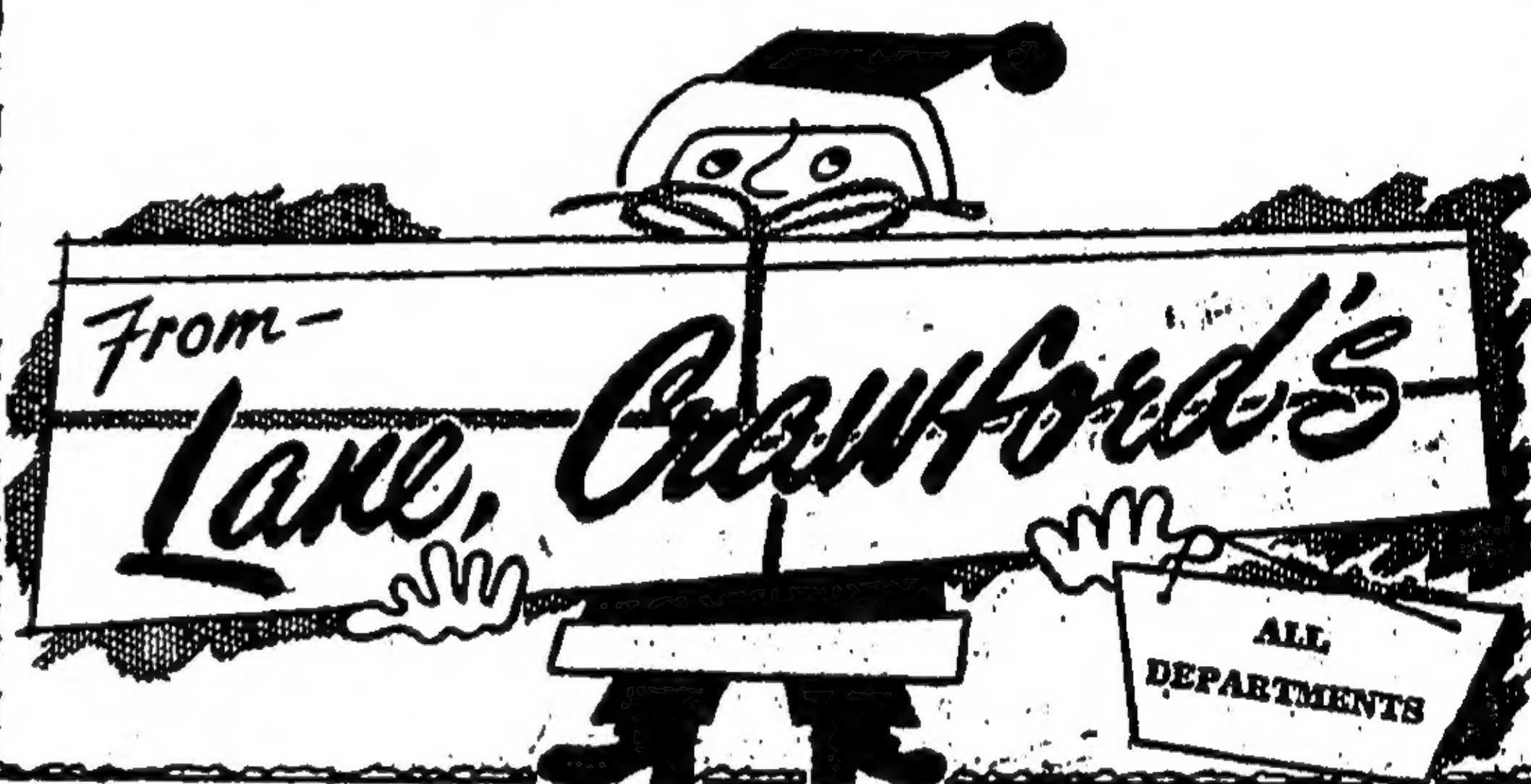
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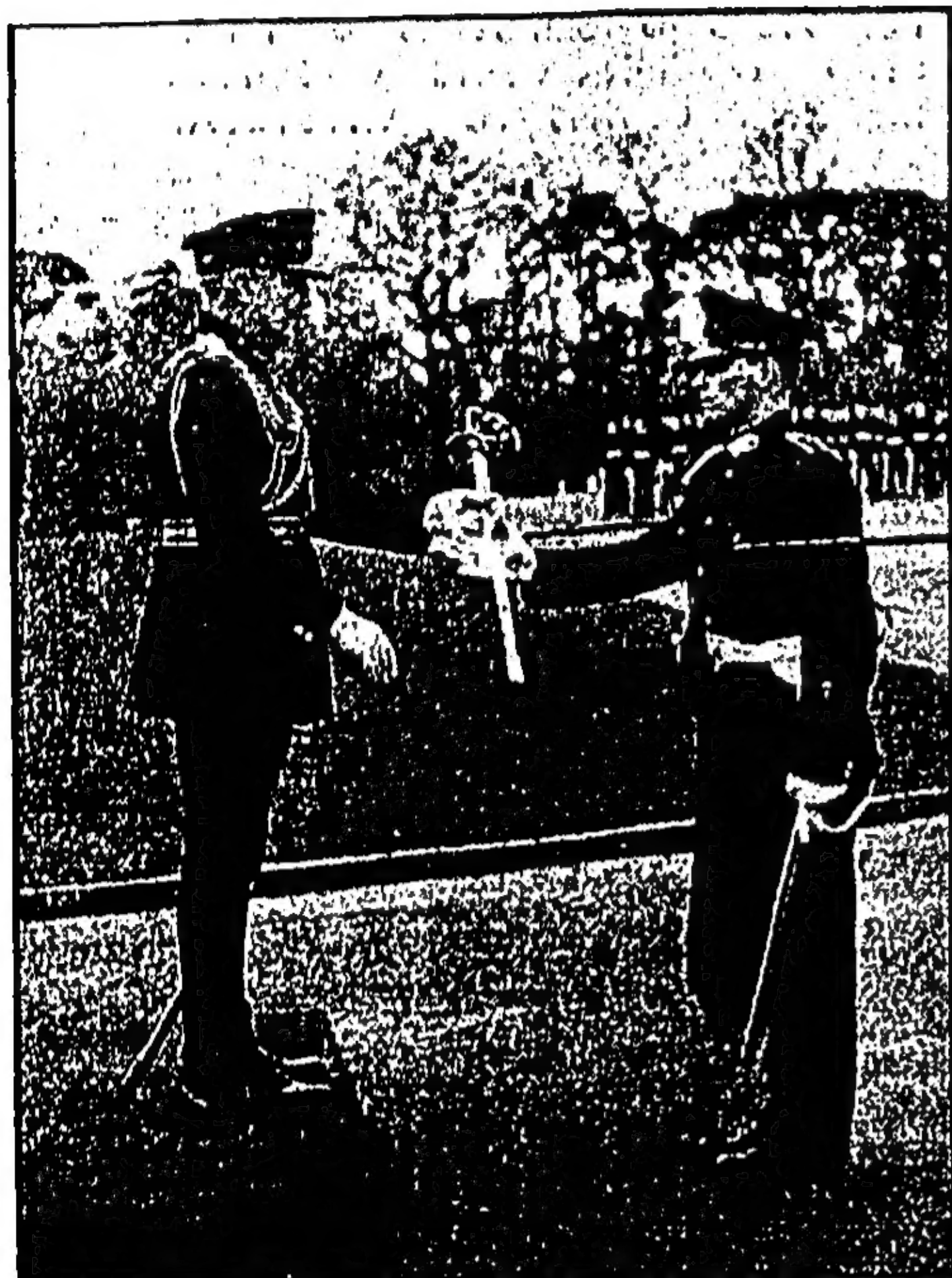
Facts & Figures —

The Swiss Watch Industry During 1953 Produced 33,030,000
WATCH MOVEMENTS. But only 48,628 of these won the
right to the name of CHRONOMETER, of this 48,628, ROLEX pro-
duced 30,555.

Year after year, ROLEX have produced more Officially Certified Chronometers
than any other manufacturer. Altogether, ROLEX have obtained Three out
of Four of all Official Timing Certificates ever awarded to Wrist-Watches.



HER MAJESTY the Queen talking to Colonial students during her visit to the British Council's Residence for Colonial Students in London. The three students on the left are from Nigeria. Fourth from left is Mr Arthur Garcia, of Hongkong, who is studying law in London. (Express)



THE Sovereign's Parade this year at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, was taken by General Sir Cameron Nicholson, who deputised for the CIGS, General Sir Gerald Templer, away in the Middle East for conferences. Gen. Nicholson is here presenting the Sword of Honour to Senior Under-Officer A. L. Crutchley, who made history by being the first cadet from Rhodesia to receive the award. (Army News)

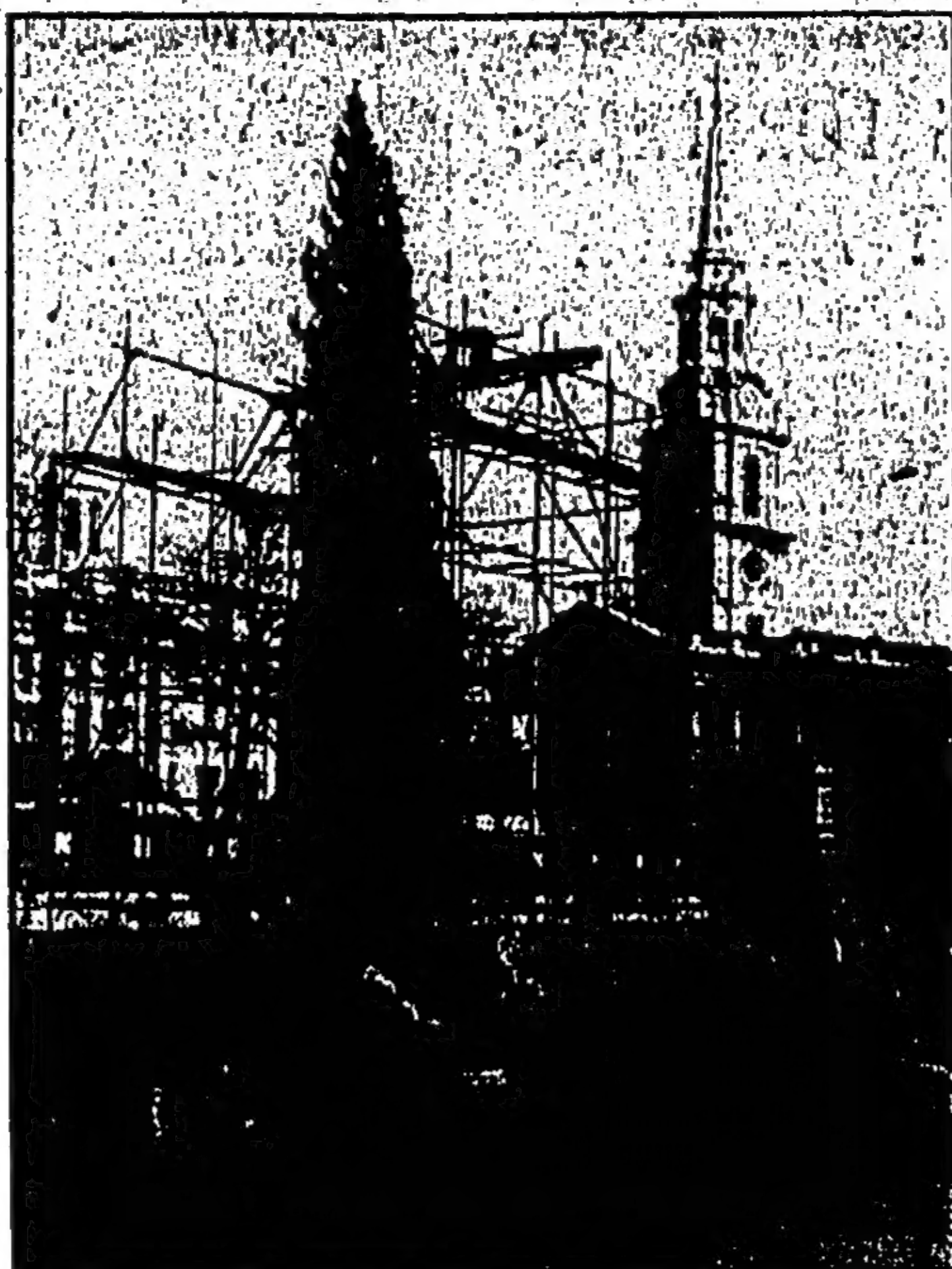


A hangman's rope was hung in an Ilford church chancel during a Sunday service. The vicar, the Rev. John Wesley Stone, slipped his head into the noose, pulled it tight, and said: "If you had your just deserts now, all of you would have your feet kicking. So would I." He was criticising the death penalty in a sermon at St John's. (Express)



ONE of the largest groups of ships of the Royal Navy ever to go up the Thames has just paid a visit to London. It was made up of 16 coastal and inshore minesweepers from the 222, 104 and 105 Squadrons. Berthed at St Katherine's and the East India Docks, the ships were open to the public. Picture shows the cook of HMS Lutterton gives crew members a preview of the day's dinner. (Army News)

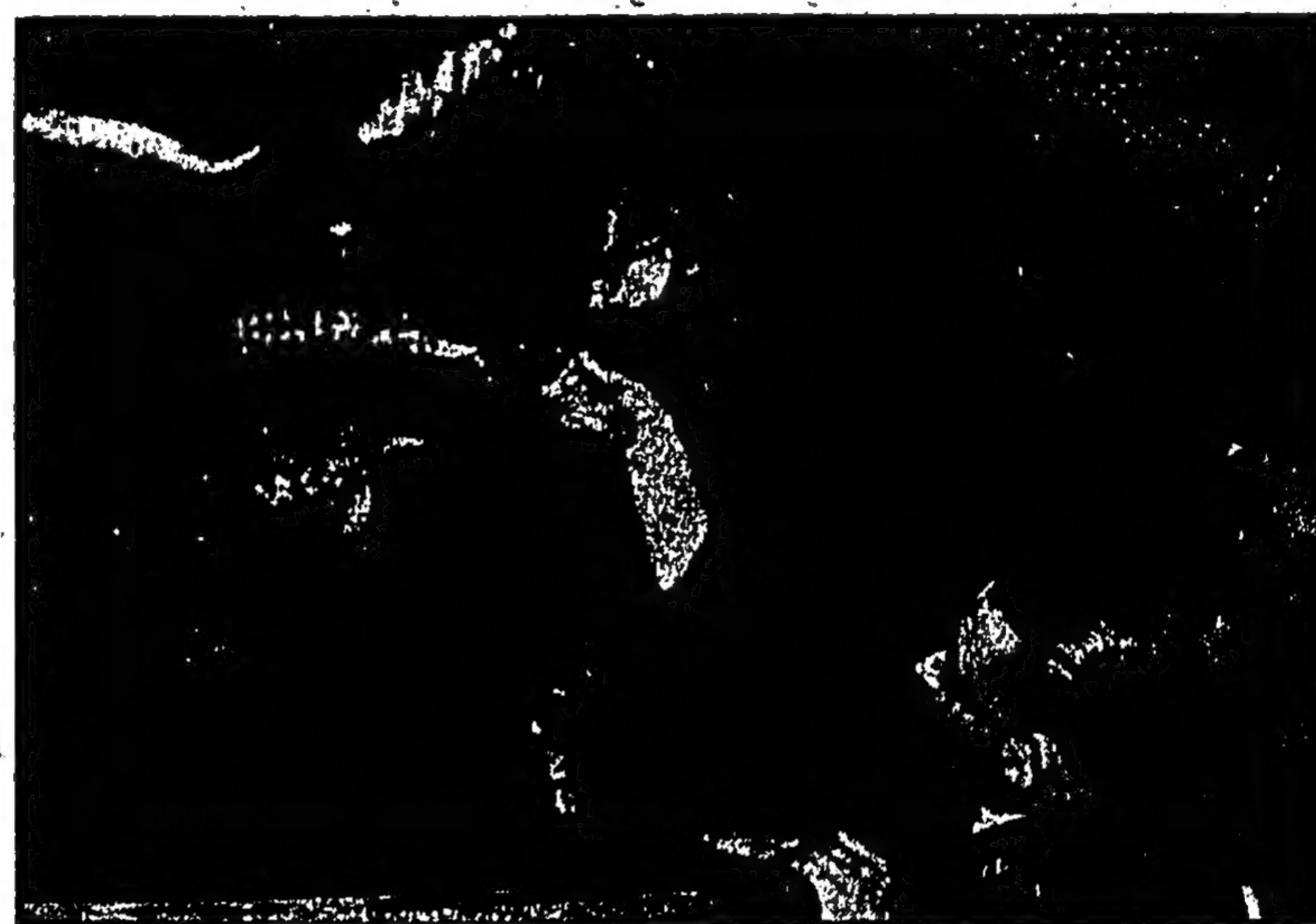
HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



A workman aloft on scaffolding guides the 58 ft Christmas tree into position in London's Trafalgar Square. The tree, a gift from the people of Norway, has come from Oslo. It is being lit every night until Christmas. (Express)



SOME of those present at a Christmas party at the Players' Theatre, London. From left: crack distance runner Gordon Pirie, ace horsewoman Pat Smythe, yacht designer Uffa Fox and former world cruiserweight boxing champion Freddie Mills. (Express)

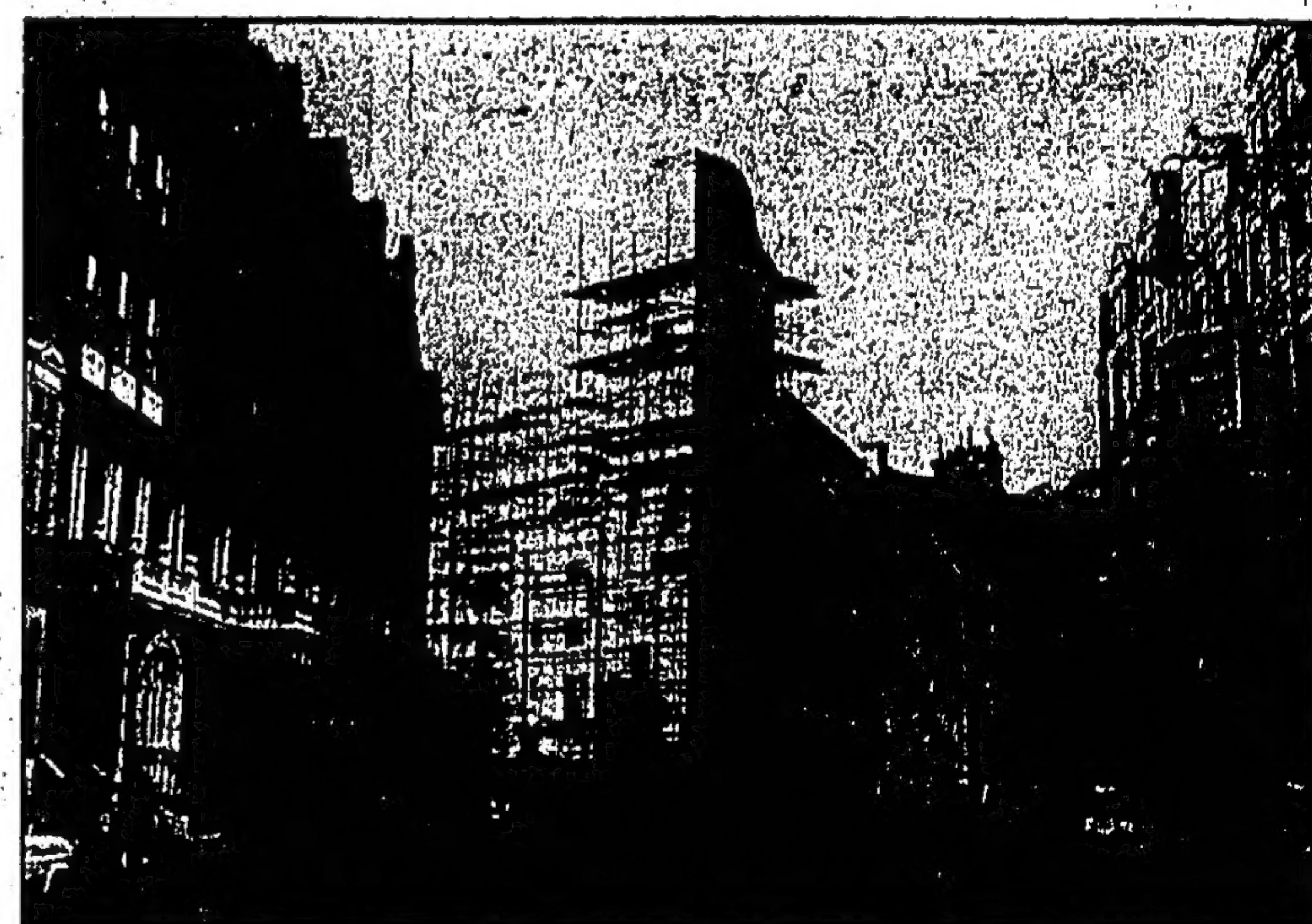


BELOW: George Crocker of Middlesex, who has an unusual skill. He's a pig tickler. By stroking pigs near the shoulder he sends them to sleep. He touches a nerve connecting heart and brain. (Express)

BRITAIN'S largest captive carp is in the Aquarium of London's Regents Park Zoo. It weighs 44 lbs. Here it is accepting a snack from Aquarium overseer Fred Akhurst. (Army News)



LIONEL BRITTON, playwright and novelist, who has completed the unfinished manuscript of a comedy left by the late Bernard Shaw. He has sent the play to the Public Trustee, without whose permission it cannot be produced. He says he has tried to make the piece "typically Shavian." (Express)

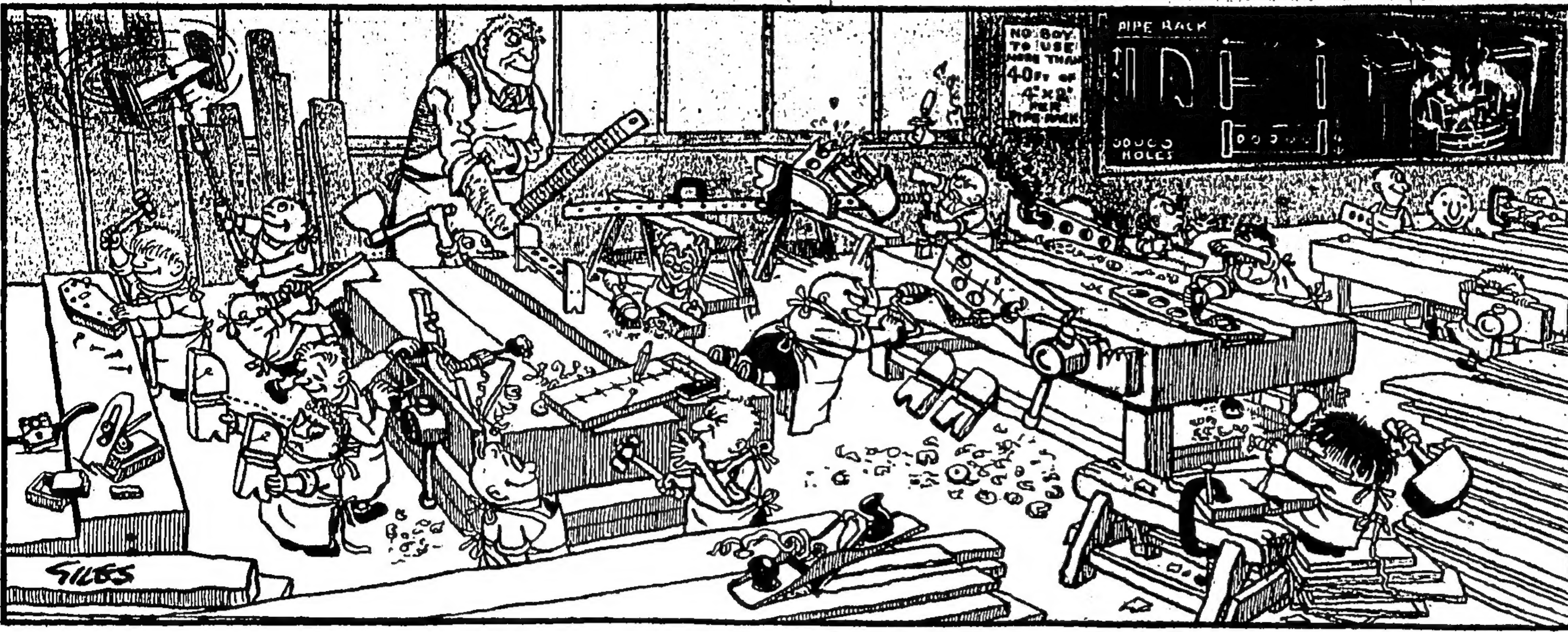


THE new St Colomba's Church of Scotland in Pond Street, Kensington, London, which has been rebuilt on the site of the old church destroyed by German air attacks in 1941, is in the final stages of completion. It contains the second largest organ in Britain. The largest is in the Royal Festival Hall. (Army News)

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller





"All these millions they're spending on education make these pipe racks come out pretty dear Christmas presents."

London Express Service

THE MAN WHO ABOLISHED CHRISTMAS

ONE OF THE WORLD'S STRANGEST STORIES

By Felix Barker

"THE House is thin," observed Colonel Matthews, he looked round the half-empty benches in Westminster Hall while his fellow Members of Parliament nodded gravely. "Much," continued the Colonel. "I believe to be occasioned by the observation of this day." He tightened his lips and proposed immediate and harsher legislation.

Another Member rose in support. "I could get no rest last night for the preparation of this foolish day's solemnity," complained Mr. Robinson. "We are, I doubt, returning to Popery." Yet a third voice was raised in horror. "One may pass from the Tower to Westminster," it intoned. "The House is thin, and we are not a shop open or a creature stir."

As this was Christmas Day it might seem that empty streets and closed shutters were only to be expected. But this was the year 1659, and as in all other years during the Commonwealth, the Protectorate, to observe December 25 as a holiday was to defy the law.

With a stern stroke of his pen Oliver Cromwell, the Lord Protector, had abolished Christmas. To set the country an example he had insisted that Parliament should always sit on that day, and this gave added topicality to Colonel Matthews's proposals of heavier penalties on those who defied in the face of the law.

'No Revelry'
CHRISTMAS had gone with swearing, and the pleasures of the playhouse as "likely to give liberty to carnal and sensual delights." It had gone during the Civil War and with it the mistletoe, the Yule log, the bear's head and the mince pies. Ever since the Long Parliament had made an order in 1644, December 25 had ceased to be a day for dancing and feasting.

Under the new regime it was not a festival but a fast-day "during which men shall recall their own sins and those of their fathers who transformed the sacred day of Christ into an occasion of revelry."

Now on Christmas morning soldiers were sent round London a little before dinner time, sniffing the air for smells of roasting, searching kitchens, and peering into ovens. They had orders to confiscate all meat they found being cooked.

Sharp Reminder
CHRISTMAS had gone, and yet it had not gone. As with swearing, you could legislate against it, but not abolish it. As Richard Kenneth, sadly told Parliament, reporting news of pro-Christmas demonstrations: "The people of England do hate to be reformed."

modify the "unholy holiday," but then, in 1649, Parliament had come out completely against Christmas. An ordinance was published stating categorically that the Feast of the Nativity should be no longer observed.

The ordinance was made law in June and promptly forgotten—until two days before Christmas. Then suddenly the Town Clerk's bell was heard in the streets and with it a sharp official reminder.

People Killed

At Oxford and Ipswich there were riots and people were killed. At Bury St Edmunds 180 apprentices threatened to set fire to any shop that opened and to kill the owners.

At Canterbury there was even more serious trouble. The mayor announced that not only would there be no holiday but that the market should be opened. At once several dozen armed and furious men marched through the streets to the mayor's house, smashed all his windows, and set fire to bundles of faggots at his front door. He called out the constabulary and in the fight that followed the sheriff was knocked on the head and many people severely wounded.

Arrests were made, and the mayor ordered the ringleaders to be beaten, but the riot was not over. The rioters refused to put down arms until an undertaking was given that their leaders' point of view should be heard at proper trial and that the men should further trouble them.

Arrest
THREE years later, however, in 1657 he took a chance. With his wife he came up to London from his home at Sayes Court, Deptford, and went to "Exeter Chapel" (presumably a private chapel in Exeter House, off the Strand). The preacher that day was the Reverend Mr. Gunning, who was to become Bishop of Ely after the Restoration.

The sermon was over. Evelyn recorded and Mr. Gunning was "giving us the Holy Sacrament (when) the Chapel was surrounded by soldiers and all the communicants and assembly surprised and kept prisoners by them." But before the arrests were made and in defiance of the soldiers who leved muskets, the congregation took Communion in defiance of the soldiers who stood on the altar steps with levelled muskets.

misdoers. My Lords of Misrule again made night horrible and led their tipsy crews through the bright Christmas streets. And, on a more serious note, a scholar like John Seiden of the Inner Temple might openly publish a tract entitled "Proving the Nativity of Our Saviour to be on 25 of December."

Christmas revels were revived at Lincoln's Inn and all England was merry again. Yet despite the lifting of the drab Puritan pall it seemed to some older people — that somehow Christmas was not as gay as they had been. It was as if the long years of Cromwell's rule had put a blight on them.

No, whiteboards assured the young they were not so fine and luxurious as in the old days. Now in Good Queen Elizabeth's time... ah those were Christmas!

Now thanks to God for Charles's return. Whose absence made old Christmas mourn. For then we scarcely did it know. Whether it Christmas were or no. Up went the holly and the ivy, the paper chains and

going more than a further six months. In the following May the exiled Charles II rode triumphantly into London. Long faces broke into smiles; black habits gave way to coloured silk and gay flounces. And back with the monarchy came Christmas. That year they sang in the taverns:

For Evelyn the arrest seems to have been a gentlemanly business. He was merely confined in the house of the Countess of Dorset with whom he was to dine, and a cross-examination during the afternoon. After countering what he described as many "frivolous and ensnaring questions and much threatening," he was released.

A number of clergy were arrested on December 25 that year but this was almost the last blow against Christmas. The power of the Protectorate was waning fast. In the September of the next year, 1659, Cromwell died and his son Richard could not keep the tottering Parliamentary regime

problem was treated like a murder mystery. Suddenly the pieces of the death-in-the-air jig-saw fell into place. Although aviation doctors, as cautious as their civilian colleagues, refuse to be drawn officially, I can say that high-ranking RAF officers are satisfied that decompression sickness is yet another problem to be overcome in jet flying.

The sickness is similar to "the bends" which divers get by being brought up too quickly from a great depth. Divers are put into a chamber where pressure is gradually reduced to normal over about four hours. If this is done at once there are normally no ill-effects. I understand that new orders listing ways of avoiding the sickness are being prepared. In the meantime the RAF is advised that the mystery of David's Acheley has been solved.



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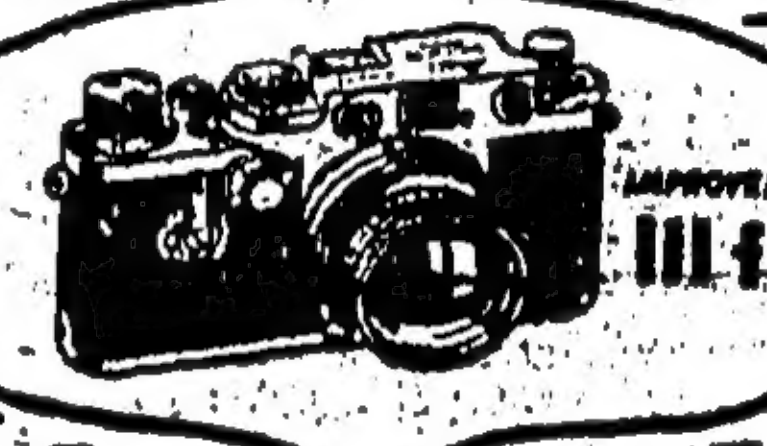
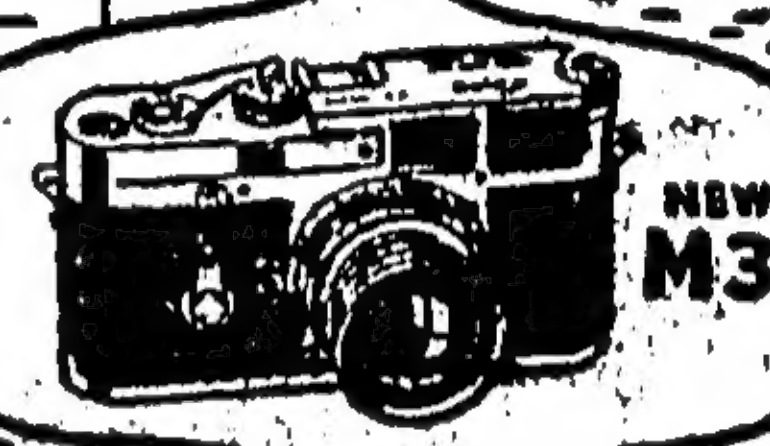


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JET AGE DOCTORS FIND NEW PERIL TO PILOTS

By ARTHUR BRENARD

ROYAL AIR FORCE
doctors have made a startling discovery which may solve the riddle of dozens of crashes by single-seat jet planes.

It may be the answer, too, to the disappearance of three and a half years ago of 48-year-old David Acheley, one of the RAF's famous twin air vice-marshals. He vanished on a routine flight over the Mediterranean in a Meteor jet fighter.

His brother, the colourful "Bachy" Acheley, flew another Meteor over the same route, hoping to discover what happened to David. He found nothing.

Now the RAF doctors believe they have the answer to the mystery. DECOMPRESSION SICKNESS — the thing that deep-sea divers call "the bends" — doctors have long suspected this as a hazard for high-altitude fliers. Now they know it is as great a killer.

flight-lieutenant who was instructing another pilot. Soon the Meteor was 37,000ft — seven miles — up. The flight-lieutenant told his pupil that he was not feeling well and was diving to 20,000ft. Down they went, but at 20,000ft the instructor felt worse. The pupil took over on his dual controls.

He flew back to base, where the flight-lieutenant was lifted from the cockpit unconscious. Twelve hours later he died in the RAF hospital at Rostrup.

In a post-mortem RAF doctors found puzzling internal hemorrhages. Laboratory tests followed, and the new jet age sickness was identified.

This was the first time doctors had been able to examine a victim who had not been severely injured in a crash. For the first time there was a co-pilot to tell what led to the pilot's collapse.

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FEAR (when it's over) is more relaxing than ROMANCE

—says H-G Clouzot
THE NEW MASTER OF 'MAKE-EM-SIT-UP'

By SYDNEY SMITH

Parisian **SIR ALEXANDER KORDA** once said that there are only three ways of making a successful film:—

"Make 'em laugh; make 'em cry; make 'em sit forward on their seats." It is the third of these techniques that has made the biggest impact on the postwar screen.

And the new Master of the Make-'em-Sit-Forward is the man who is pulling Londoners in their hundreds to see a French film: the man who made the electrifying "Wages of Fear" and has now made the diabolical "Flends."

This man is Henri-Georges Clouzot.

SO SOOTHING

THE man who has set French and British filmgoers packing the cinema to see two women drowning a drugged man in a bath sighed and said: "Fear, terror, suspense—they are far more relaxing than romance, tears, or laughter. 'Fear, when it is over, is the most soothing emotion of all.'"

He looks relaxed and calm himself, this 48-year-old Henri-Georges Clouzot, the man who made the bone-chilling film "The Flends." In France the film is called "Les Diaboliques," and more than 5,000,000 cinema-goers have watched the planning and detailed execution by two pretty women of a fiendishly cold-blooded, gruesome murder.

A SADIST?

IS Clouzot, this spine-twisting master of suspense, really a morbid sadist? That is what I wondered when I went to see him. But — not a bit of it.

He is placid, little (5 ft. 6 in.) thick-set, with cropped iron-grey hair,

bushy black eyebrows, and a rather jovial face behind an elaborately carved cherrywood pipe. There is a whisky and soda beside him to complete the picture of ease.

Here is a tranquil man. Clouzot has been night-club crooner, journalist, private secretary to an M.P., and then spent five years in a lung sanatorium before he recovered completely and took a job after the war in French radio, which led to film writing.

Five years ago he married a beautiful Brazilian. She never trained as an actress. Now she appears as the more wicked of the two "Flends."

Clouzot made her an actress for this film by eight months of deadly training—she had to read plays aloud to him for three hours every day, mostly in the early hours of the morning.

"No," she says, "he is not difficult to work for really. He just knows how to handle his characters. With



VERA CLOUZOT
FOR THE WIFE A STAR ROLE.

some he's rough and tough but with me he's all sweetness."

Sweetness? Says Clouzot: "In one of my films, 'Manon,' the star—little Cecil Aubrey—made me slap her face to work up her emotions. Frankly — you have to hit that girl."

"In 'The Flends,' my wife had to do some crying too. So I used to console her and become very sympathetic about some trouble that didn't really exist."

"That worked up her tenderness and emotion and she cried — 24 times for retakes. It is just a difference of temperament—but it is the sort of

thing that gets you labelled as a bully and a sadist."

Of "The Flends" Clouzot says: "It is just a thriller. There is no special moral to it—it is not even what I'd call a serious piece. I just produced it like I would play a game."

"I took an ordinary detective novel, transposed it into a different setting, even with different facts, rewrote it four times in a year, and then filmed it in 11 weeks."

There is the scene as the bath is running — ready for the drowning — tension and horror — and silence in the cinemas, except for an occasional nervous giggle, which Clouzot says is a real sign of success in a horror film.

HIS 'GAME'

HE told me: "I had to get the right gushing sound—it had to be kind of sinister. We tape-recorded all the baths in the homes of my staff, in hotels all over France for a year, until I got just the right noise."

"That is what I mean—making a horror film is a game. You don't have to be morbid or sadistic or brutal. You have to be what I like best—efficient."

Now Clouzot is working on a new "game"—the scenario for a film which at the moment is to be called "Death at the Lido."

But he says: "I have only rewritten it twice so far—and by the time I've finished it may not be Death, and perhaps it won't be at the Lido. Things get changed."

But one thing for Clouzot remains unchanged: he suffers terribly from insomnia. As he says: "The only thing that relaxes me and sends me off to sleep, is a really good thriller."

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HOW TO DODGE 5 O'CLOCK SHADOW—Official

BEFORE OR AFTER BREAKFAST? SCIENCE TACKLES THE SHAVING QUESTION

BEFORE
breakfast

Poor shave—
your face is
still asleep



AFTER
breakfast

Good shave—
weigh your
whiskers!

by CHAPMAN PINCHER

MEN who shave after breakfast, instead of as soon as they get up, look better groomed for the rest of the day—because they get a much closer shave. Dr David Verel, lecturer in medicine at the London Hospital, has proved this by carefully weighing his whiskers after shaving them off at varying times.

And he has discovered the reason for the difference:—When a man has been lying down for more than an hour the skin of his face becomes slightly puffed up because fluid collects in it. His razor cannot reach the bases of his whiskers because

they are embedded in the puffed-up skin. He thinks he is getting a clean shave, but as the fluid slowly drains away from his skin—as it does when he gets up—the bases of his whiskers emerge from their hiding places as mid-morning stubble.

That is why a man's beard seems to grow twice as fast between 7 a.m. and 11 a.m. as it does between 11 a.m. and 3 p.m.—Dr Verel showed with whisker-weighings after mid-morning and mid-afternoon shaves.

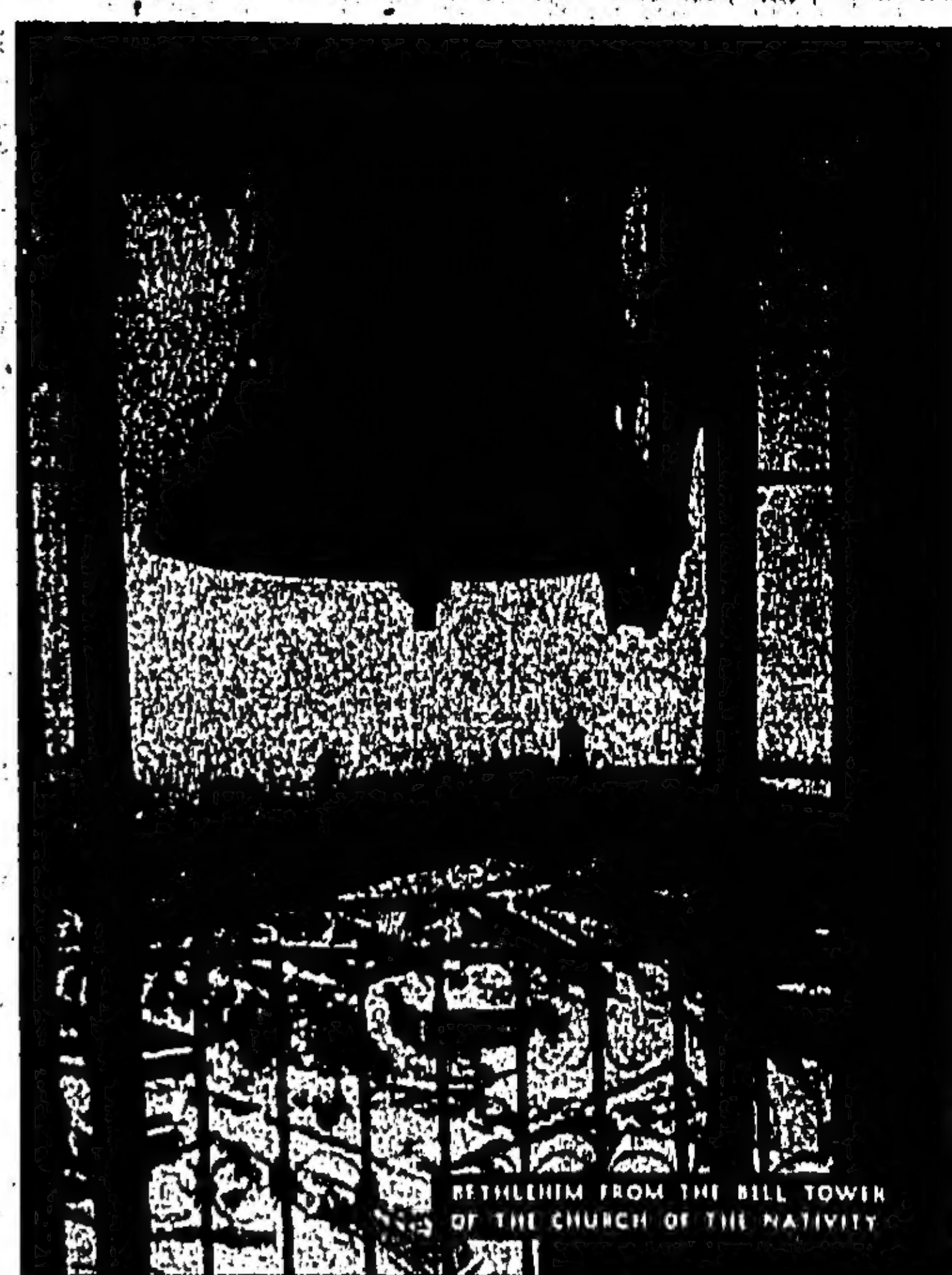
The doctor confirmed his findings by watching what happened when he grew a slight stubble and then lay on a couch. The stubble became shorter because his skin slowly puffed up and buried the bases of his whiskers.

Furthermore, Dr Verel found that if a man shaves last thing at night, when his skin is least puffy, he is almost as clean-shaven the following day as he is if he shaves immediately on rising.

The reason? The amount the average whisker grows in eight hours is almost all covered up by the puffiness of the skin which develops during sleep. So the amount he could remove by shaving again in the morning is negligible.

So there it is. The best way to avoid "five o'clock shadow," or at least reduce it—Dr Verel advises in his report on his researches—is to shave as late as possible before setting off to work.

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Pilgrims Crowd Into Bethlehem

By MONICA DEHN

Jerusalem. organised Church groups from France, Italy, and Spain, Christian Arabs from all over Jordan, held Palestine, from Damascus and from Jordan's capital, of Amman. About 2,000 Christians are coming from the State of Israel, where the barbed wire and the dragon's teeth tank traps dividing Jew from Moslem have again been temporarily pierced in the spirit of the faith they both respect.

THE Star of Bethlehem hangs every Christmas like the lamp of God over the little white, stone houses of the town where Jesus was born. And those who see it, as they make their pilgrimage on Christmas Eve to the church built on the site of the inn that had no room, cannot help lowering their eyes in shame after the first exalted glance. Its vivid brilliance pierces the heart with its ignored message—peace on earth and goodwill towards men.

In the lifetime of most of us, there has been little peace on earth and little goodwill towards men. Only at Christmas, for a brief twenty-four hours, have hatreds and suspicions faded into a bonhomie which one looks at the Star has forced honest men to recognise as, at best, temporary.

Those who have been preparing for Christmas expect a flood of pilgrims not only from all over the Middle East but from Europe and the United States as well. All eager to give thanks to the Son of Peace for the long-delayed hope of Peace.

Now tourists are seeking shelter in schools, convents, hospices and private houses. Many Bethlehem families are sharing rooms to make way for them, but some of the families, too, will have to sleep on the cobbled stones of the main square. They will lie restlessly on borrowed carpets or with their heads on the bellies of their tired, sprawling donkeys and camels.

Those lucky enough to have a roof over their heads will find their new homes primitive, but in keeping with the Christmas spirit. The mattresses are stuffed with straw and are as prickly and sweet-smelling as that on which Mary laid the Infant two thousand years ago. Washing is done at an outside pump which draws water from the same well from which Joseph doubtless brought water to Mary after her travail.

But the pilgrims won't mind. Crowding into Bethlehem this Christmas are Britons from Cyprus, Americans from the oil-fields of Arabia and Iraq,

IN the evening, as Midnight Mass begins in the simple Church of the Nativity, the congregation will represent the millions of the world's citizens who, if they could, would, have come to pray for peace.

Black-hooded, bare-footed, Russian—very old and frail now—kneel side by side with the women of Bethlehem in their white coats—dating from the days of the Crusades. There are men in lounge suits; diplomats in full ceremonial dress with silver swords at their sides; consular officials in morning coats; labourers in worn work clothes. The light of a thousand tapers flickers on the pale faces of Europeans, on the darker, olive shades of those from the Middle East, the black skins of Africa and the mahogany of India.

As the service progresses, with the Latin Patriarch, replete in purple robes glittering with jewels, and the fresh-faced young choir boys leading the congregation in the grand liturgy of Christmas music, worshippers feel the intensity of the ceremony surge through them on this special night.

MIDNIGHT approaches and the Patriarch holds aloft the figure of Jesus before carrying it to the grotto and placing it reverently in the manger. The packed congregation hold their breath. Even the candles seem to stop spluttering and for a moment there is a great silence.

Then, with a crashing clatter the bells of Bethlehem peal out the joyful news, that another Christmas has begun. In Jerusalem and Nazareth and by the Sea of Galilee and on the Mount of Olives—wherever Christ walked and preached and men have built a church to commemorate him—the notes of O come all ye faithful break the quietness of the night.

But it is in Bethlehem, where the Star hangs low—vivid as a warning of danger; or a beacon of hope—that Christmas means most.

And this year the pilgrims believe that the spirit of Christmas will live a little longer throughout the world than it has in recent times.

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



THIS MR MARSHALL ALSO HAS A PLAN

By LES ARMOUR

IT is no good just listing the facts about David Marshall. They take too much believing.

David Saul Marshall is a little man in a bush jacket—an eloquent orator, a brilliant lawyer who has successfully and sensationally defended 38 men accused of murder, a one-time London waiter, a man who once aspired to be a Metropolitan policeman.

He is a Jew who is the elected Chief Minister of a British Colony, 80 percent of whose citizens are Chinese.

He is the scion of a family whose history is the epitome of the bitter story of the Jewish race—and he has emerged as the articulate spokesman of a new kind of Asian nationalism.

He is a Socialist who until recently was earning £2,000 a month.

He founded a political party because he could find no political party to join, entered an election because he thought it would be pleasant to have politics for a hobby, and found himself, to his intense surprise, the first "Prime Minister" in Singapore.

Freely Elected

THERE are those who say that David Marshall is just one more "incident" in the political and social emergence of the Orient—a flash-in-the-pan, a one-night stand.

They perceive that he sometimes talks too much, that, like a Chinese firework, he generates more heat than light but not enough heat to set the world on fire.

There are even those who think that David Marshall is an invention of his own imagination and that the world, having been diverted by the spectacle, will shortly forget him.

But they reckon without some of the facts.

In the first place Marshall is a European who was freely elected by Chinese, Malays, and Indians who could have gone their own separate ways and voted for Chinese, Malays, and Indians. In a world where race is more explosive than gunpowder and where rampant Asian nationalism is, for better or worse, an all-important driving force that fact itself makes David Marshall worth attention.

Furthermore, Singapore is one of the great cities of the world, a commercial and strategic bastion of an Empire which is fast becoming a Commonwealth which may become either a mere name or a decisive force in world affairs.

Bitter Blow

MOST important, it may be that in Singapore and adjacent Malaya the fate of Communism in what is called "free Asia" will be determined. And David Marshall has dealt Communism a bitter blow.

David Marshall must be considered in this context.

He proposes to establish the Welfare State, British-style, in the Orient. He proposes to make Singapore a self-governing part of a "Co-operative Commonwealth" in which, he hopes, the adjective "Co-operative" will have a specific meaning.

He has dealt, in a few months, with a series of



David Marshall is more than just another colonial politician. He is symbolic of the growing sense of nationhood in the still dependant territories. He is seen talking to the Press in London.

crises which are not always easy to understand. He fought a desperate-looking battle with the Governor of Singapore over the question of the number of ministers he had the right to have in his cabinet. He quelled a wave of Communist strikes and a wave of Communist riots.

His fight with the Governor was in every sense a sham battle.

Taunted and jeered at by his opponents from the moment of his election over the "reality" of self-government in Singapore he chose to assert himself on a question of no vital importance.

His Shrewdness

THEREBY he showed his shrewdness if nothing else.

Marshall already had a cabinet of seven. He proposed to appoint four more ministers. The English common sense of the Governor rebelled at the thought of a cabinet of 11 members when the government party had only 14 seats in a 25-seat legislature.

Marshall, in private, may even have agreed with him.

But the point was that, if he could trounce the Governor on this point—and even the Governor probably didn't really think it important enough to wreck the constitution over—he could then appear before his opponents as a man who had made his power felt.

Breath-taking

IT didn't quite come off. But Colonial Secretary Alan Lennox-Boyd hustled out from London, went into hurried conference with Mr Marshall, and emerged smiling five hours later.

What happened in that meeting was breath-taking.

First of all the British Government conceded that, in principle, the Governor ought usually to take the Chief Minister's advice. Then Marshall decided that he wouldn't press the issue over the ministers. Finally Lennox-Boyd agreed that he would meet Marshall in London in March and there they would hammer out the "self-government" question and talk about dates for independence.

Result: the Governor kept his dignity. Marshall made the point that he was the man to bring about real self-government, and

Lennox-Boyd added to his laurels as a negotiator.

Was there ever such a happy crisis?

The Communists, of course, couldn't take this sort of thing lying down.

They remembered that Marshall had campaigned against the "emergency" regulations to combat Communism and they set out to hoist him with his own petard.

Open Violence

THERE were strikes, riots—open violence in schools, disruption in the economy.

But they reckoned without the lawyer's mind.

Marshall snapped, "Singapore under Communism would be worse than Singapore under the Japanese occupation." Then he got to work and drafted a tough Emergency Powers Bill.

He reasoned that the Communists had had their chance and had determined to declare open war. Under the circumstances, they could expect only open war in return.

They got it.

Marshall won. But more than that, his popularity increased rather than decreased. He had proved that self-government in Singapore had met the first requisite condition for any government: it could govern even in the face of open hostility from a section of the community and it could keep a majority of the community behind it.

Now he is in London to smooth the way for the next stage. He envisages a Singapore completely free to determine its own internal affairs, but bound to co-operation with Britain in matters of defence and foreign affairs.

He recognises that Singapore exists because it is a trading centre. It can only continue to exist as a trading centre in co-operation with Britain—at least, for the time being.

On this trip, he is just sounding things out.

Ups and Downs

ON the way to London he had a few minor scuffles. He stopped off in Delhi to say that he "had come to learn at the feet of Mr Nehru." That enraged his opponents at home especially his personal friend and arch political enemy Lee Kuan Yew, who runs the extreme "left" of Singapore politics. Marshall accused Lee of delaying with the Communists. Lee accuses Marshall of dallying with the British.

Lee's current line is that Marshall "humiliated" Singapore in front of Mr Nehru. He hopes to rally nationalist support.

It would take only a little to bring down Marshall—for his government habitually survives votes of confidence in the legislature only because the three members nominated by the Governor vote for him. So Lee might have his way.

In any case, Marshall himself doesn't care.

He has had a lot of ups and downs during his 47 years.

He spent World War I in prison in Baghdad because he had happened to be born in Singapore and he and his father were therefore British subjects and, from the Turkish point of view, on the wrong side of the war.

After the war, he wandered through Europe, worked his way through London University working as a waiter and by giving chess lessons.

Long Story

IN those days, whenever he went out on any important occasion he had to borrow a pair of trousers from a barrister friend.

He tried to join the Metropolitan Police and was turned down on medical grounds. So he went back to Singapore to try his luck. There he became the colony's top lawyer.

Behind that is the long story of his family. They started in Spain (the name was Marshall until recently), were thrown out during the Inquisition, wandered through the Middle East for several hundred years and finally came to Singapore from what was then Mesopotamia. He and his father went back just before World War I—and both were interned.

But they found their feet again afterwards as they always had. The tradition of resourcefulness still stands—and Marshall has nothing but a happy guffaw for the whims of fate. (Copyright)

WELL, WHAT D'YOU KNOW!

It Rained Frogs, Fish, Insects

EVER since the third century AD, the oddest kinds of "showers" have been recorded.

With or without rain, fish have fallen all over the place. So have frogs, birds, larvae, worms, oranges, pebbles and even fossilised hazelnuts. The nuts fell on Dublin in 1867.

An early Greek writer talked of a fish shower lasting three days, and at Drumhirk, Northern Ireland, in 1928, dozens of red fish were found on the roof of a bungalow, two miles away from the nearest stretch of water.

Frogs paid a flying visit to Trowbridge, Wiltshire, in 1939, when hundreds of tiny ones rained down on a concrete path surrounding a swimming pool.

BARLEY SHOWER

New York had its strangest shower in 1950, when almost half a bushel of barley rattled down on the tower of the 1,250-foot-high Empire State building! How it got into the sky, no one knows.

Another queer downpour was a fall of hallstones as flat as coins. When they began to melt, the centres became liquid first and the stones took on the shape of small rings. They fell on Cyprus in 1931.

Hallstones as large as tennis balls have been reported in Britain, but the biggest stones of all time—the size of grapefruits—fell at Potter, Nebraska, USA, in 1928. One was 17 inches round!

Hallstones have brought other surprises. In 1940, a resident of Springfield, Missouri, telephoned the U.S. Weather Bureau to report that it had "halled coal in his part of the town." A small tornado had swept the coal area of Missouri and carried aloft a quantity of "nutty slack."

The rarest of all hallstones contained insects. Currents of air must have carried the little creatures upwards to their icy tombs.

Sometimes, rain and snow fall in glorious technicolour! There was red rain at Bordighera, Italy, in 1928. It covered the pavements with a red-brown deposit, which turned to a delightful salmon colour when dry. At Guildford, Surrey, in 1940, a greenish-yellow rain was reported.

Blue rain fell from a cloudless sky in a small village near Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicestershire, in 1950. Spotsches of blue the size of a penny covered an area of over 100 square yards. Everyone recalled the song-hit of four years before, called "Ashby-de-la-Zouch by the Sea." One of the lines of it was, "The skies are full of blue!"

BLACK CHRISTMAS

On the high mountains of Tatra, in Hungary, the peasants dream of a Black Christmas, for the snow is often black there. In other places, there is sometimes yellow, red and green snow. It is often bright yellow in New Brunswick, Canada, and sometimes green on Alpine peaks.

After white, the commonest snow colour is red, ranging from a delicate rose to a deep blood shade. Alpine climbers have found this red snow on the slopes of Mount St Bernard. Scientists say it is due to the presence of minute particles, known as algae, or "micro-algae."

Perhaps the strangest snow of all fell on Rochester, 240 miles from New York, in 1950. It was white, enough, but it was found to be radioactive. The fall followed atomic test explosions in Nevada, about 3,000 miles away.

Rochester children claim to be the first to throw "atomic snowballs."

(Copyright)

I WAS the night before Christmas when out in the road.

Stood the old family bus, having lost its abode,
For the garage was empty and tidied with care

In hopes Santa might have a new car to spare.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While thoughts of convertibles danced through their heads:
The Missy and I dreamed in front of the grate
Of our next leave at home in a new Ford V-8.

When out in the drive there arose such a roar
That I sprang from my chair and rushed straight to the door.
I threw back the bolt and peeped out in the night,
And saw, with the moon making everything bright,

A gift-laden sleigh swooping down from the stars,
St. Nick at the helm, driving eight shiny cars!
He swept around corners at breathtaking speeds,
Calling out to his swift-running powerful steeds:

"On CONSUL! On, ZEPHYR! On, CUSTOMLINE, too!"

As down through the Christmas Eve darkness they flew;
"Now, PREFECT! Now, ANGLIA! POPULAR! — Now!

Come MAINLINE! Come ZODIAC! Show them all how!"

They drew nearer swiftly then silently stopped,
And out of his vehicle Santa Claus hopped.

He paused not a moment but to his work dashed;
From trimming the tree to the stockings he flashed.

While Old Father Christmas was busy inside,
I gazed at his coursers and longed for a ride.

They had floated along with such grace and such poise,
So easily pulling that huge load of toys,

That I thought on the instant how nice it would be
To have a new Ford under our Christmas tree.

When Santa had finished, he sprang to his sleigh,
Pressed once on the starter and darted away.

But, thoughtful, he circled 'round once, looking back,
And his gaze travelled down to our old-fashioned hack.

He had spotted the garage with doors gaping wide,
And I saw a broad smile that his beard couldn't hide.

Then as he sped onward, I managed to hear
His tip for the season, the gift of the year!

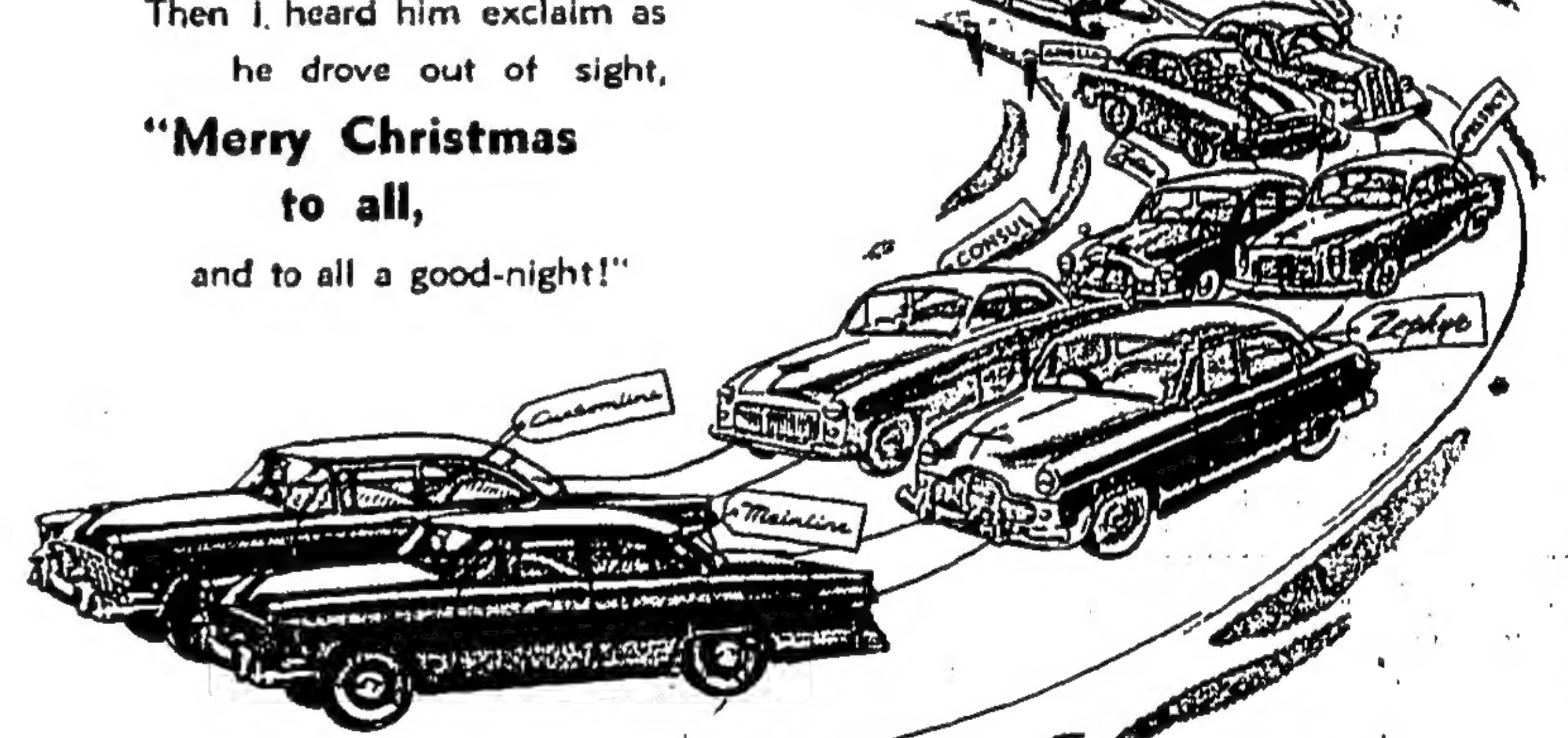
"Try HARPER'S on Tuesday!"

he called with a grin,

"They've got the best cars —
and they'll trade that thing in!"

Then I heard him exclaim as he drove out of sight,

"Merry Christmas to all,
and to all a good-night!"

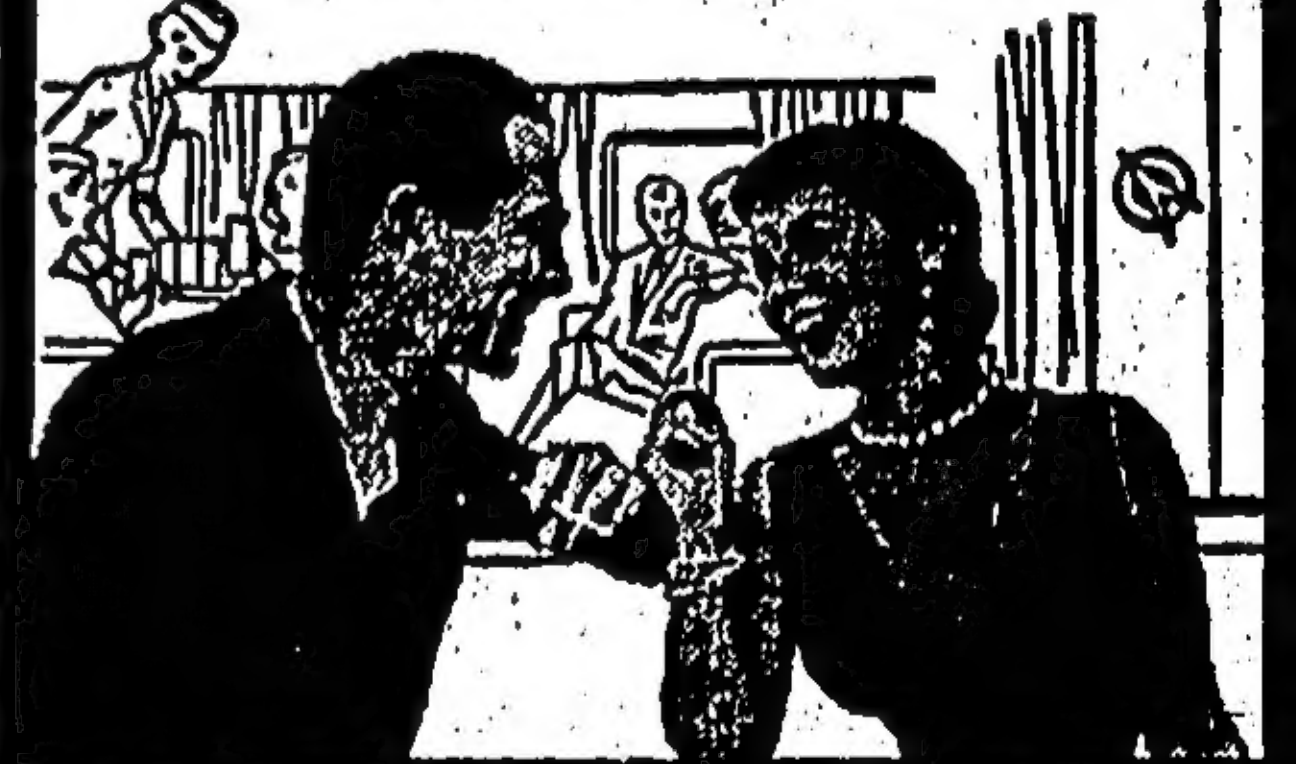


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Oh, For Those Good Old Days— WHEN WOMEN DID THE TALKING

YESTERDAY
conversation, even
for women, was
an art.



London. THE other day I listened to Miss Rose Macaulay introduce a lecture in a manner so witty and delicious that I hoped every woman in the audience was making a mental note: "There is someone who must be a good conversationalist."

Who ever heard of a woman in this country who excelled at this particularly difficult but delightful art? Good looks, good grooming, good social manner, good nature—even good reputation—will win friends, influence people, and bring you a nice crop of dinner invitations. But good talk is not one of the accepted subjects on the English girl's finishing-school syllabus.

Good conversation needs a context—in other words, it needs men to want to listen, for women to want to talk. And there is quite a deal of evidence to prove that the Englishman, traditionally so strong and silent, is in fact a peacocky chatterbox who prefers women to be like Desdemona—who won Othello by behaving just as the women's magazines advise; she encouraged him to talk about himself for hours on end, while she sat being an admiring listener.

IT'S THE LATEST TWIST ON 'KNOW YOURSELF'

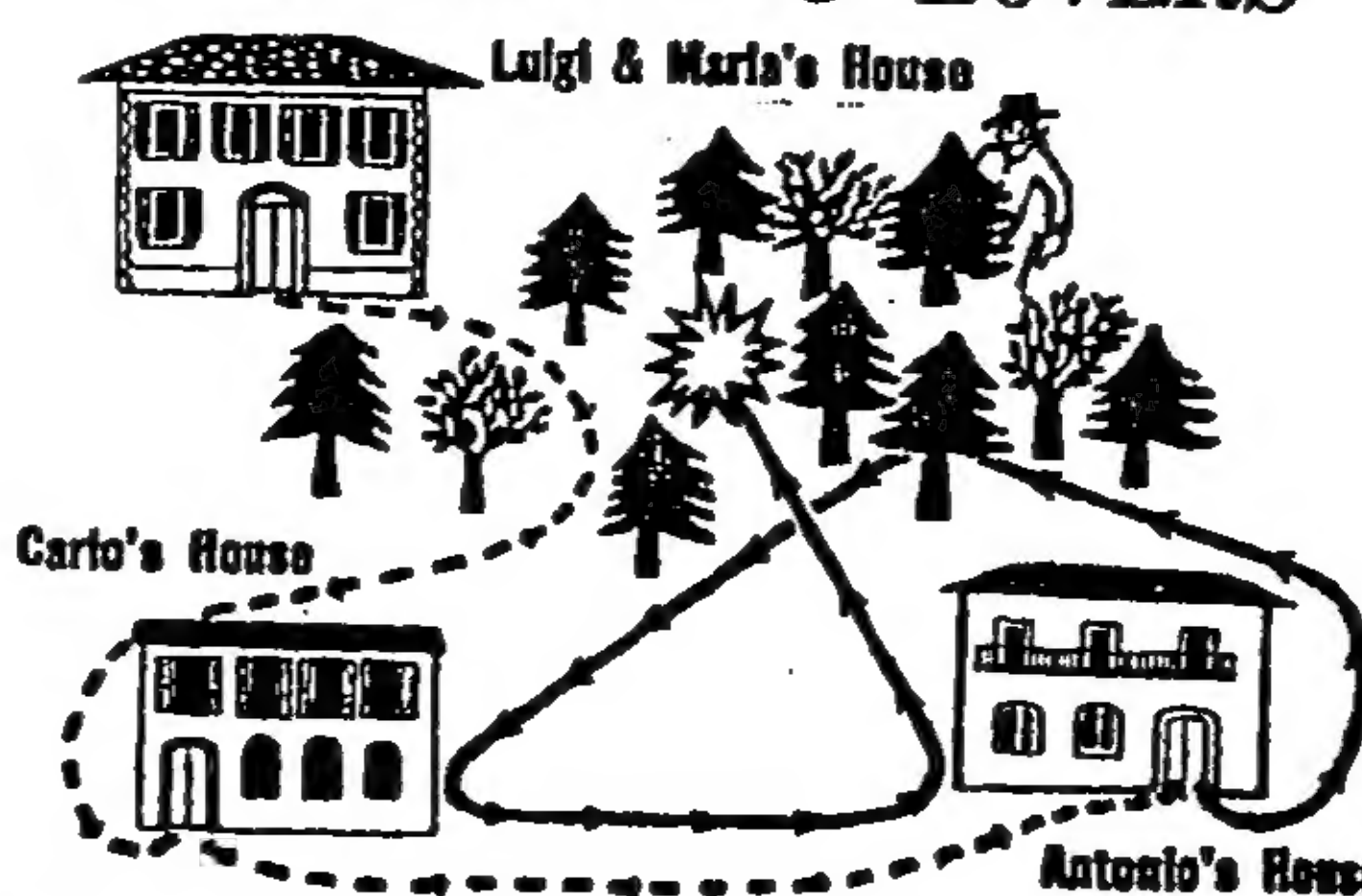
by JOY MATTHEWS

AMONG THE GROWN-UPS (especially when the hour gets late and the assembly has "unfrozen") it looks as though party time this Christmas is going to be dominated by the Amateur Psychiatrists. Party pastimes with pencil and paper—all with a psychological twist to them—are sweeping in fast from America. Most people moving around these days bump into somebody with a new one to try out. And all end up with:—

"Let me have your immediate reaction, please... just what your instinct tells you..."

And ALL are designed supposedly to give a clue to your character. Like this, for example:—

HUSBAND, WIFE, BANDIT, AND THE TWO LOVERS



ONCE upon a time there was a young and handsome couple called Luigi and Maria who lived in a high and handsome house on the edge of a wood haunted by a bandit.

Except for the bandit all this sounds very idyllic—but you know what these Latins are, and before you could say "Jealousy" Luigi and Maria had a big bisticcio (which in Italian for little tiff)—and there was Maria alone in a big house on a dark night.

Well, the more she thought the more she thought of Carlo, who was an old flame of hers. So she upped and fairly ran through the dark wood (bandit or no bandit) to have a cosy weep in Carlo's capacious arms—which turned out to be a bit too capacious. So before you could say "wolf" she left young Carlo and took her troubles to his neighbour Antonio (who was another old flame, but old).

Now Old Antonio's house was even larger than Carlo's, and Antonio suggested that as the time was late, and the wood was dark, Maria should stay the night, which she did.

The next day something told her Luigi would be back with a conscience—so she set off home with a song in her heart. But halfway through the wood—yes, the bandit.

— NOW THEN —

Who is to blame for Maria's death? Her HUSBAND, who deserted her after a tiff; Antonio, who was peevish because she left his house; or ANTONIO, quite willing to be friendly, but fearing scandal?

Your decision can give a clue to the kind of person you are. On Page 20 a psychiatrist analyses the possible answers—and the way they reveal your character.

by AMANDA MARSHALL

Certainly they are notorious talkers—but mostly to each other. On telephones, endlessly; over the garden fence, matter-of-factly; and in the privacy of who ladies powder room—casually and crossly. But what about amusingly and gracefully, and into the responsive ear of a male "good listener?"

Unlike the woman-loving men of every other nation, the Englishman builds himself a fortress against the sound of a woman's voice. It may be behind the morning paper or the other end of the telephone, or, worst of all, in the fastnesses of all-male clubs, where the oldest, ugliest and least inviting room is grudgingly set aside for those members rash and unwise enough to want to entertain a female friend.

The few women I can name who are brilliant talkers are all old enough to be accepted on their own terms. They have won the battle, and men compete for the privilege of talking to them. Rose Macaulay, whose military conversation is full of zest and vigour and humour, is such a one. So is the remarkable Baroness Budge, who works as a film-script reader, and whose undeniably powerful magic lies in the flow of fabulous reminiscence which drops like pearls from her lips.

Dame Edith Sitwell can electrify a Press conference—a notoriously unyielding collection of near-humanity—with a beautifully judged and totally unexpected fireworks about Marilyn Monroe or the nursing of Jesus under Elizabeth Tudor. Lady Keynes, the ex-dancer, Lydia Lopokova, sparkles with such conversational eagerness and glitter that her little round russet-apple face is forever etched on your memory as that of the most fascinating woman you ever met. And Dame Edith Evans's talk is as warm and golden and youthful as her acting.

But these women come of a generation when conversation—even for women—was not a lost art. Our younger generation of famous ladies, like the Misses Bloom, Hepburn and Tatin, are praised for their shyness, their sincerity, their earnest dedication to work—but never for the sparkle of what they say. And what are English debutantes all traditionally—pretty-and-silly, but never pretty-and-witty?

I suspect that in almost every woman there is an engaging talker crying to be let out. I suspect that many of them subscribe to the opinions of that honest and sensible girl, Flora Poste, heroine of "Cold Comfort Farm," whose favourite occupation was dining quietly with intelligent men; "a way of passing the evening which she adored, because then she could show off a lot and talk about herself."

Can it be, perhaps, that in the minds of Englishmen there is something not quite nice about a girl whose talk is entertaining? One of the few English girls ever to have been openly admired for wit was pretty witty! Nell Gwynne.

And we know where all that talking got her.



COMMONWEALTH NEEDS MORE SCIENTISTS

By JAMES WICKENDEN

IN his recent constituency speech Sir Winston Churchill warned the government of the need for a speed-up in the education of scientists.

That need is plain when it is realised that for colonial research—into such problems as rubber, tin, cocoa, soil-science—only 450 scientists are employed throughout the whole of the Commonwealth.

Yet the tasks of these 450 men is to give the right direction to the economic development of many countries and the impetus to profitable pioneering in vast lands.

The bottleneck to the flow of scientists is in the capacity of universities, the personal problems of hopeful students and the training of science team leaders.

On paper the Commonwealth has a vast output of graduates—India and Pakistan for example have 500,000 students at present, Calcutta alone producing more graduates than Britain.

But standards of education are very uneven. It is useless to pretend that the many of the small institutions throughout the Commonwealth compare with the older universities of Britain.

However, progress has been rapid since the war. Since then there have come into being the University of Malaya, a university college in the West Indies and five colleges in West Africa.

But many students from Commonwealth countries need to come to Britain for courses fitting them for first rank work. For some this is still a serious financial problem. Even for those scientists going from Britain to strange lands there is a strong inclination to return home to good posts as soon as possible.

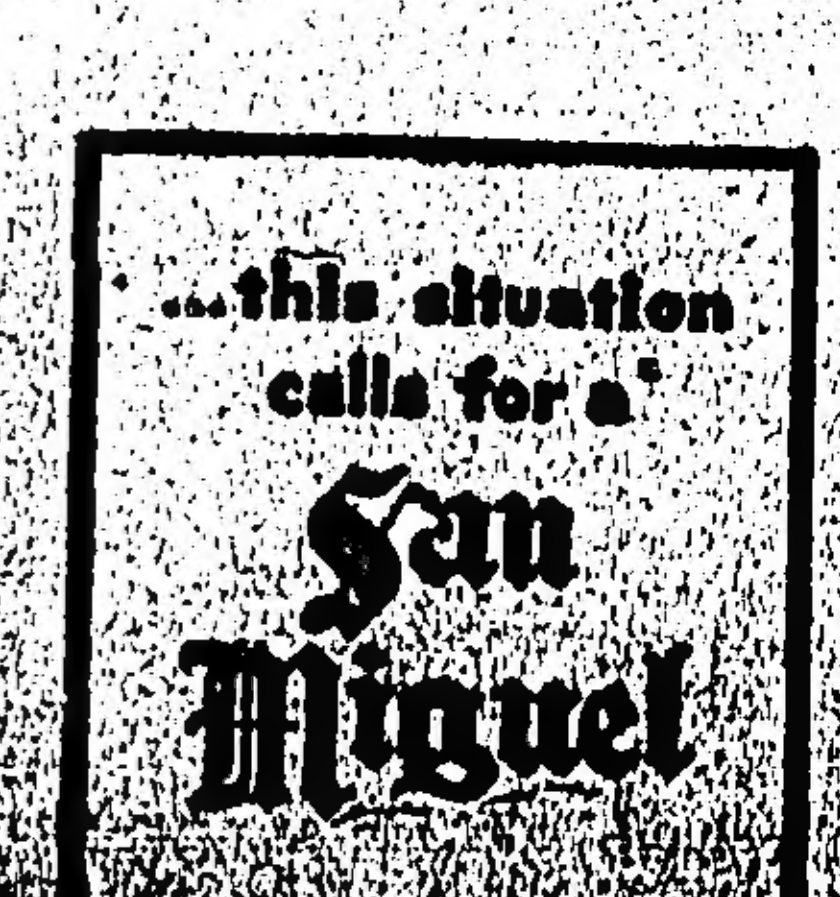
Consequently, it is only by a continuous improvement in educational standards throughout the Commonwealth, and a high rate of pay to new scientists, that progress will be made. Most important of all is the grooming of potential science leaders—for few problems today can be tackled without bold team-work.

These tasks fall partly on such bodies as the Colonial Research Council and the Advisory Committee on Colonial Geology and Mineral Resources, which help plan research programmes; and the Association of the Universities of the British Commonwealth and the Universities Bureau of the British Empire, which promote student exchanges. The Royal Society remains, of course, as the chief guardian of standards in science.

But so far there is no overall body amply supported by funds to tackle the basic task: that is, to recruit students for science, boost their education at a fast rate and arrange posts for them throughout the Commonwealth.

According to economists the next economic phase for the world will be a greatly broadened and intensified search for new raw material resources. Here is the chance for the Commonwealth—whose varied lands contain untold quantities of hidden wealth. It is up to the scientists to find and exploit it, and to train them is our greatest need today.

JOHNNY HAZARD



WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Fur gives that £1,000,000 look—but
don't over do it!



Against a background of a good old Christmas traffic jam, Demochy draws the accessory of the season: the accessory with the million pound look: the small piece of fur. And he shows you how... and with what... to wear it. With a big coat, a cravat is all you can take. With a narrow suit, a more important piece like a barrel neck or a Cosack hat. Never wear lots of matching fur, and never a bulky piece if you (a) have a bulky coat or (b) are under five foot six. The coat and suits are by Crayson, Spectator Sports and Simon Messy.

Jolly hard work, with minute preparations beforehand and extra mental awareness at the time.

What are their gimmicks? I didn't ask anyone for an instruction sheet on How to Give a Party because we all know the outlines.

I've collected some specialties de la maison which might provide the trimmings for your own routine.

★ ★ ★

ONE GIMMICK is candle-light. It is the friendliest sort of lighting and the kindest to women's faces.

There's all the cheerfulness of Christmas about a candle-lit dinner table. And a whole room lit with candles (quite a possible feat) makes even tired old faces look angelic.

But you must have enough candles. You want to distinguish the potatoes from the meat.

★ ★ ★

ONE GIMMICK is a superfluity of men.

Mrs Ida Fleming says women wreck conversation and a good party needs men in a proportion of three to one.

She also thinks married couples slow things up, like to ask husbands one week and their wives the next.

★ ★ ★

ONE GIMMICK is a full range of drinks, including soft ones. Mrs Val Parnell, considered the best party-giver in show business, never serves a prepared cocktail.

"Some people don't want to drink," she says. "Some people hate gin and some have come on from another party and want the same drink they've had before."

"I have a cupboard for drinks right by the door so people can choose what they want from a martini to soda water."

★ ★ ★

ONE GIMMICK is to cook the main dish at the dining-table. This isn't one of those phoney ideas: it really works.

Mrs John Coventry has a duck press (old fashioned and included) in the dining-room, and the guests slice and press a duck while she makes the sauce. "It's like a picnic."

★ ★ ★

ONE GIMMICK is warmth. Sir Alfred Bosham, political host, says no one who shivers can be happy. He has installed a series of radiators so that

guests feel wafts of warm air as they come in.

"The welcome," he says, "is the most important thing. You must stay near the door to greet people until everyone has arrived."

He agrees with me that a party is hard work.

"I plan it like a little campaign," he says. "And if I give a big party, each waiter has his own route, his own corner to look after."

DUTY GUESTS—keep 'em out

ON three points, all party-givers spoke with one single voice. The best parties have a reason: a special occasion or a special guest.

Never ask people at random, thinking a mixture will blend smoothly. The egg is sure to curdle. And don't invite "duty" guests: one duty guest can kill a large and promising party singlehanded.

If you owe hospitality to dull people—invite them on their own.

IF YOU ENJOY YOUR PARTY you can bet your life IT'S A FLOP!

Says ANNE SCOTT-JAMES

I HAVE theory that no par is any good unless the pless is in torment from beginning to end. You to a party to enjoy yourself.

You giva party to see that other people do.

The polck party... the "take this you find us" party... the grand party organged not by the hostess help but by her social secriry are usually flops by thonly canon that counts. Dike guests have a good tim

Looking back on the parties I been to this year, I thi the Americans give the it parties, and the Frenche worst.

An Arican hostess works andorks hard. She puts aa mn effort into her fiftleth py as her first.

She is terprising over food. SI decorates her table twice attractively as we do. nd she watches, watches, tches to see that no guest lonely.

The wa-heartedness that is Amerit national virtue spreads itgow.

In Paris, it is snobbishly assumed that everyone knows everyone.

I got invited to a terrifyingly chic cocktail party in Paris in the spring where I didn't know a soul. As I was a stranger, you'd think my hostess would have introduced me to somebody. (I forget now why she asked me.)

But in France, that's not the form. The only people who talked to me were the waiters. After a bit, I ran into an American who was putting in some solitary drinking in an alcove.

"Let's get out of here quick," he said.

"Yes, quick," I said.

And giving each other courage, we doubled for the door. Our hostess was having such a good time being brilliant that we didn't disturb her to say good-bye.

THE GIMMICKS—add sparkle

AS the party season is rushing up on us, binge after binge between now and the New Year I've been talking to people who give good parties of all shapes and sizes, asking where the sparkle comes from.

Keep coffee and tea brewing. They all agree that it isn't spontaneous combustion. It's

NEW FABRICS LAUNCHED BY LONDON COUTURIERS

By DOROTHY BARKLEY

London WHILE most of us were sorting out our winter woolies and wondering what to buy Aunt Agatha for Christmas, London's twelve-man band of couturiers dipped into the future.

They hired Hamilton House, once one of London's stately homes, decorated it with gold and white chrysanthemums, and put on a joint show for the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret.

Normally they all this annual show with models from current collections. But this year they broke with tradition. They added new designs and launched several new fabrics which point the way fashion may turn in the new spring collections next month.

John Cavanagh showed a short dinner dress in pink rayon brocade with a pale blue pattern, the skirt with backwool fullness to match the full yoke on the back of the jacket. Charles Creed still chose the straight and narrow line for top coats, but turned one into a surprise number by making it in geranium pink duvelon.



This brocade ball gown with a tapered hem line was seen at the Royal show. It was made by John Cavanagh.

Lachasse was the first couturier to sample a new white honeycomb pique, but gave it the couture touch by using it for a floor-length evening coat lined with pleated white satin. Matelli, who still keeps to the tunic line for evening dresses, showed one in a new delft-blue wool satin. A fabric with the sheen of satin, but the warmth of wool, it seemed just made for those who live in chilly lands.

Every designer has his own style and Michael showed his this time with enormous shoulder-wide cape collars on suits and top coats; Dicky Morton, with a dash of Irish magic. He showed three-quarter coats handknitted in Aran following the traditional centuries-old patterns and lined with paisley silk. He introduced a linen printed in Princess Margaret Rose tartan, a red-brown and green mixture. He used the tartan linen for a crisp, knife-pleated dress and topped it with a coat in heavy sapphire blue linen.

When it came to accessories, most designers had something new. There were day court shoes in red tweed to match a tweed outfit; evening shoes in black patent leather with narrow silver heels. But the hat of the season—this season, not next—kept appearing. That flat, tumbling shape fitted in and out. One designer showed a garden party version, a rather collection of ruffled pink tulip, another a variation surely intended for the far frozen north, a green perianth lamp.

Africa where she will open a training school for models in Johannesburg.

Worth mixed colours, rather than shades, and put an evening dress in shot blue and green organza with a citron yellow coat.

The two "royal" designers are already at work preparing the Queen's wardrobe for her visit to Nigeria next month, so their contribution to this show consisted mainly of items from their current collections. Hardy Amies showed an evening dress in pale pink and yellow tulle, Norman Hartnell, a typically grand occasion ball gown in white satin embroidered with a drift of violets.

To Serve Christmas Callers—

By IDA BAILEY ALLEN

TO cars who drop in anytime during the day, offer a cup of coffee or hot tea and Christmas cookies.

Or the afternoon or evening serve fingers of fruit and fruit punch.

Red Berry Grape Punch: Stir together 1 1/2 c. granulated sugar, 1 c. boiling water. Add 1 tin of frozen strawberries and their juice, orange juice, 1/2 c. lemon juice, 1 qt. grape juice and 1 unsweetened pineapple. Chill at least 6 hrs. before serving. Makes 30 to 40 punchfuls.

For sets dropping in for supper 7 to 9, you might plan a candlelight sandwich buffet, a supply of not-to-be sandwiches made in advance. And for those who like take their own, provide the sops: sliced breads of various kinds; butter, margarine, mayonnaise; thin-

sliced turkey, tongue or ham; sliced tomatoes; lettuce; and a choice of spreads, such as snappy cheese-nut, anchovy-cheese, peanut butter-bacon, or devilled-ham cream cheese.

Keep coffee and tea brewing. Be sure there is plenty of ice cream in the food freezer, and that the cookie jar is brimming over.

Sit-Down Christmas Supper

Frosted Raspberry Goblots

Open Turkey Club Sandwiches

Frosted Salad

Stuffed Fruit and Toasted Nut Bowl

Lighted Christmas Cakes

Coffee

The Christmas cakes make a glamorous table decoration. On a big silver paper doily-covered tray, put a large round cake, with plain white icing and a decoration of holly berries and leaves made of red candles and citron. Plant a tall red candle in the centre of the cake. Surround with cupcakes decorated with small candles and light all the candles.

bine 1 pt. sieved thawed frozen raspberries, the juice of 3 lemons, 1 pt. charged water and 1 pt. raspberry sherbet. Shake vigorously and serve in small goblets.

There is one special Christmas meal most people seem to forget: Supper for children up to 6 years of age. Children are always highly excited at Christmas, and it's a kindness to them (and their parents) to provide a simple supper of familiar foods at the accustomed time. No more Christmas goodies or candies until next day—then early to bed.

You might serve crisp cereal and milk, French butter, which is served with milk. Or, scrambled eggs, fruit and butter, served with fruit cup, milk. Or, warm soup, bread and butter, celery, apple sauce, milk.

Think of the Child

Top open turkey sandwiches with hot cheese sauce from the chafin dish. Extraordinary!

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MR C. L. Hsu, President of the Lions Club of Hongkong, cutting the 35th birthday cake at the Charter Night dinner held at the Winner Palace. Right: The roll call of new members. (Staff Photographer)



THE Queen's College Choir performing at the annual speech day, at which the Hon. John Kowick distributed prizes. (Staff Photographer)

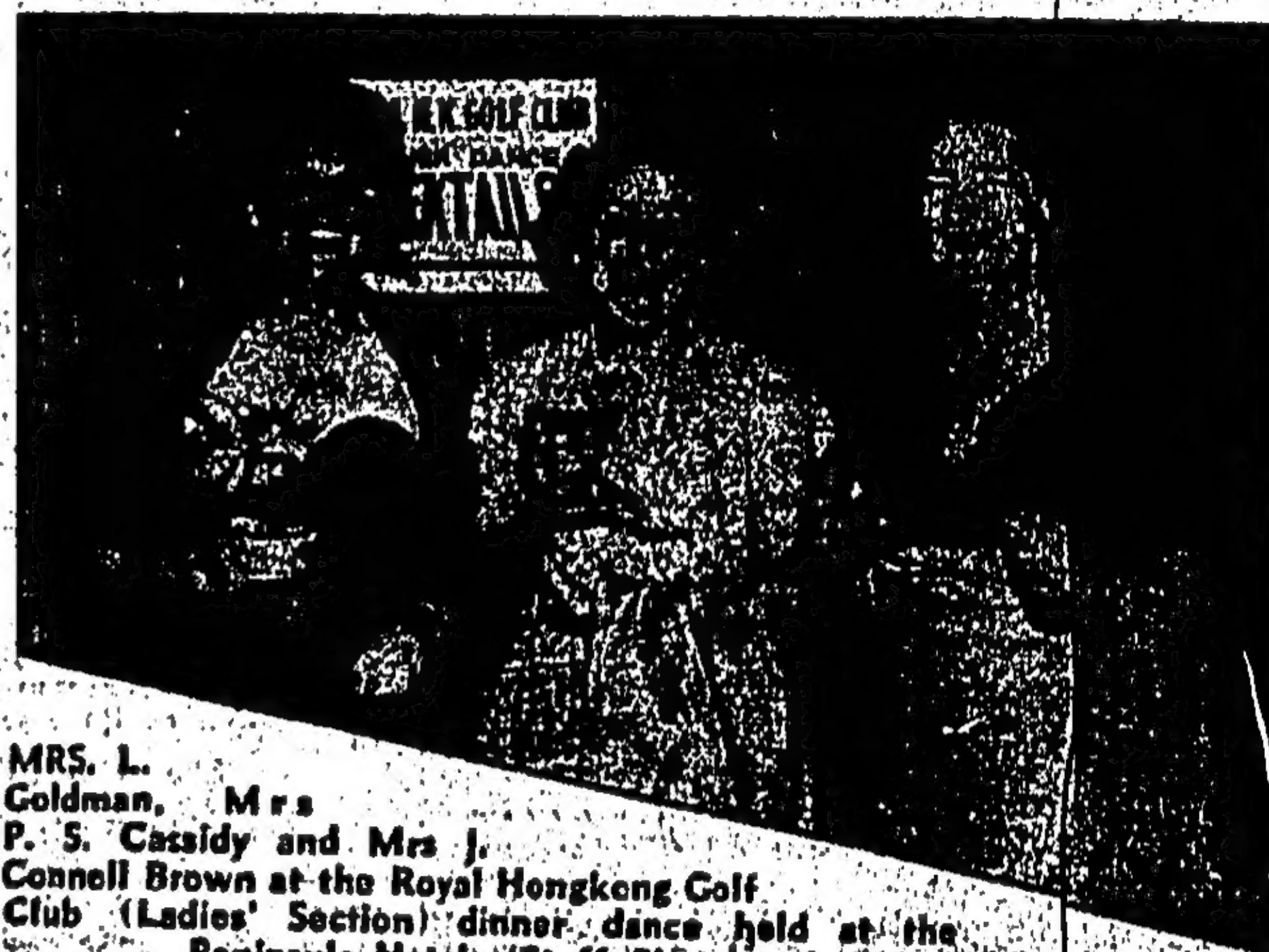


MR and Mrs G. D. Meloni cutting the cake at their silver wedding celebration at the Ritz last Saturday. Over 200 guests were present to offer their felicitations. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Mr Leung Luon-chak and Miss Mary Lam, whose wedding took place on Monday at the Hongkong Baptist Church. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Mr Kwan Yee-pang, owner of Golden Branch, which won the Hongkong St Lager last Saturday, holding the trophy. Others are, from left: Dr the Hon. S. N. Chau, Mr D. Benson, Mrs S. N. Chau and Mr W. K. Shieh, the successful jockey. (Staff Photographer)



MRS. L. Goldman, Mrs P. S. Cassidy and Mrs J. Connell Brown at the Royal Hongkong Golf Club (Ladies' Section) dinner dance held at the Peninsula Hotel. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Mr W. Ma (left) and Mr K. M. Yam (right) leaders of the Manila trade delegation to Hongkong, were hosts at dinner to Hongkong manufacturers last Saturday. They are seen with Mr Haking Wong. (Staff Photographer)



A scene from the Marion Ballet, presented by pupils of Mrs Hilda Noronha at the Princess Theatre on Tuesday. The ballet, presented together with a children's fashion show, was to raise funds for the Hongkong Sea School. (Staff Photographer)



THE Hon. C. Blaker, Honorary Colonel of the Hongkong Regiment, meets the Malayan Indian hockey players who played in a friendly game with the Regiment last week. The visitors won 2-0. (Staff Photographer)

Wish All A Very Merry Xmas

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As in former years, the Choir of St. John's Cathedral School is preparing to perform at the Princess Theatre on Tuesday evening to sing carols for the Christmas season. (Staff Photographer)

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MR. P. S. Cassidy, who was for many years on the Committee of the Diocesan Boys' School and who has just returned to Hongkong for a holiday, was fated at dinner by old boys of the School at the China Restaurant. From left: Mr. Cassidy, Mr. E. S. Cunningham, the Bishop of Hongkong, the Rt. Rev. R. O. Hall, Mr. B. Pasco, President of the Old Boys' Association, and Mr. Tang Yau-ting. (Staff Photographer).



SIR Henry Turner (left), General Secretary of the Commonwealth Press Union, was entertained by members of the Newspaper Society of Hongkong at a cocktail party on Tuesday. Sir Henry has come from Australia where he attended the Commonwealth Press Conference. With him are Mr. Shum Wai-yau (centre), Chairman of the Society, and Mr. H. Ching, Editor of the South China Morning Post. (Staff Photographer).



THE Rev. Bro. L. M. B. Cassian, Sub-Director of La Salle College, was entertained to dinner on Tuesday by the Matriculation Class on the eve of his departure for Europe on leave. He is seen speaking at the dinner, at which he received a bon voyage gift from the boys. (Staff Photographer)



CHILDREN enjoying a game at the Christmas party held at the European YMCA, Kowloon. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: An Indian dance by Sajini Motwani and Mohinder Kaur, one of the many items of entertainment presented at the annual children's party of the Ellis Kadoorie A.M. School Guardians-Teachers' Association. (Staff Photographer)



SCENE from the Wah Yan College's production of Shakespeare's 'The Tempest', which won the Hongkong Stage Club's challenge shield at the annual Schools' Drama Festival. Right: Chan Wai-ho, who played Ariel, receiving a prize from Mr. E. O'Neill Shaw for being the best actor in the Festival. (Staff Photographer).



AT the annual ball of the St. John's University Alumni Association, held at the Ritz. From right: Mr. and Mrs. William Choy, Dr. D. Y. Lee, President of the Association, and Professor and Mrs. J. H. Pott. (Staff Photographer)



AT a farewell party given by the Endeavourers in honour of Mr. Patrick Wong Kwong-man (fifth from left, front row), who is going to England to study recent development of welfare organisations at the invitation of the British Council. Mr. Wong is an Assistant Community Development Officer with the Social Welfare Office. (Mayfair)

BELOW: A snapshot taken at the Christmas party held at the Kowloon Junior School last week. (Staff Photographer)



MADAME J. L. Morin, wife of the Manager of the Banque d'Indo-Chine, presenting a prize to Mrs. Samuel Shiu at the annual dinner of the Banquet Circle Sports, which took place at the Ying King Restaurant on Wednesday. (Staff Photographer)

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Clothes For A 16-Inch Doll



MATERIALS: 5 ozs. Ground shad. 1 oz. Contrasting shade—Lester's Lavender 3 ply. Pair needles No. 10. Elastic (for Pile). 4 yds. narrow ribbon. Medium size croch. hook.

MEASUREMENTS: Dress—Length, 9 ins. Coat—Length, 8 ins. Pile—Length down side, 3 ins. Vest—Length from shoulder, 5 ins.

TENSION: 7½ sts. and 10 rows equal one inch (No. 10 needles).

ABBREVIATIONS: K, knit; P, purl; st., stitches; ins., inches; tog., together; st. st., stocking stitch; m. 1 tr., by bringing wool to front of work before a knit st., and by wrapping wool round needle before a purl st.; S, slip st. on to needle without knitting it (and keeping wool behind it); SF, slip st. (keeping wool forward on wrong side of work); DS drop st. off needle; S3R, Slip 3 right—slip 3 sts. from left-hand needle to right-hand needle; S3L, Slip 3 left—slip 3 sts. from right-hand needle to left-hand needle; KDS, Knit drop st.; SKPO, Slip one, knit one, pass slipped st. over; DD, Double Crochet; G, Ground; C, Contrast; W, Wool.

DRESS

Front And Back (Alike)

Using No. 10 needles and GW cast on 90 sts. and knit 5 rows.

6th row: Purl.

7th row: Knit.

8th row: Purl.

Join CW.

9th row: C, K1, * S1, K3, repeat from * ending K1.

10th row: C, P4, * SF, P3, repeat from * ending SF, P1.

11th row: G, K1, * DS, K3, KDS, repeat from * ending K1.

12th row: G, Purl.

13th row: C, K4, * S1, K3, repeat from * ending S1, K1.

14th row: C, P1, * SF, P3, repeat from * ending P1.

Break off CW, and continue to work in GW.

15th row: K1, * S3R, DS, S3L, KDS, K3, repeat from * ending K1.

16th row: Purl.

17th, 18th, 19th and 20th rows: Knit.

Now continue in st. st. (1st row—knit) until work measures 5 ins., ending with a purl row.

Next row: * K2 tog., repeat from * to end. (45 sts.)

Next 3 rows: Purl.

Next row: * K2 tog., M1, K3, repeat from * to end.

Next 3 rows: Purl.

Commencing with a knit row, continue in st. st., until work measures 6½ ins.

Shape armholes—Right side facing: Working in st. st. cast off 3 sts. at beginning of next row, then k2 tog. at each end of next 2 rows. Work 6 rows in st. st.

Shape Neck—Next row: K, 14, turn.

Continue on these sts. decreasing one st. at neck edge on every row until 8 sts. remain.

Work 5 rows more.

Cast off.

Return to remaining sts., slip first 7 sts. on to a safety pin, rejoin wool and work to correspond with other side.

Sleeves

Using No. 10 needles cast on 40 sts. and knit 4 rows. Continue in st. st. (1st row—knit) until work measures 2 ins. Cast off.

Neckband

Join right shoulder seam. With right side of work facing and commencing at left front shoulder, rejoin wool and pick up and knit 20 sts. down to sts. at centre front; knit across these 7 sts.; pick up and knit 20 sts. to right shoulder; 20 sts. down to sts. on safety pin; knit across these 7 sts.; pick up and knit 20 sts. to left shoulder (94 sts.).

1st row: Purl.

2nd row: * K2, M1, K2 tog., repeat from * to last 2 sts., k2.

3rd row: Knit.

Cast off loosely.

COAT

Using No. 10 needles and GW cast on 108 sts.

Work 20 rows as given for Front of Dress.

Continue in st. st. until work measures 4 ins.

Next row: K3, * K2 tog., repeat from * to last 3 sts., k3. (102 sts.)

Next 2 rows: Purl.

Next row: K4, * K2 tog., M1, K2, repeat from * to last 2 sts., K2.

Next 3 rows: Purl.

Continue in st. st. (1st row—knit) until work measures 5½ ins.

Next row: (Right side facing): K20, k2 tog., turn.

Continue on these sts. dec. one st. at armhole edge on every row until 31 sts. remain.

Work 5 rows more.

Shape Neck—Next row: Cast off 8 sts., knit to end.

Now K2 tog. at neck edge on next 4 rows.

Work 8 rows more. Cast off. Return to remaining sts., rejoin wool and work for Back as follows:

1st row: K2 tog., K42, K2 tog., turn.

Continue on these sts. dec. one st. at each end of next 6 rows.

Work 17 rows more in st. st. Cast off.

Return to remaining sts., rejoin wool and work to correspond with other side.

Sleeves

Using No. 10 needles and GW cast on 42 sts. and work first 20 rows as given for Dress. Now work in st. st. until work measures 4 ins. Cast off.

Neckband

Join both shoulder seams. With right side facing and commencing at Right Front Edge, rejoin wool and pick up and knit 17 sts. to shoulder; 17 sts. across back of neck; and 17 sts. down to Left Front Edge (51 sts.).

1st row: Purl.

2nd row: K2, * K2 tog., M1, K2, repeat from * to last 2 sts., K2.

3rd row: Knit.

Cast off loosely.

Continue in st. st. (1st row—purl) until work measures 5½ ins. from commencement, dec. one st. at each end of last row.

Next row: * K10, K2 tog., repeat from * to end.

Next row: Purl.

Next row: * K9, K2 tog., repeat from * to end.

Continue to work thus, until 5 sts. remain.

Break off wool, thread through remaining sts., draw up and fasten off.

Join back seam.

Band

With right side facing rejoin wool and pick up and knit 48 sts. evenly along lower edge between Turn Back.

1st row: Purl.

2nd row: * K2 tog., M1, K2, repeat from * to end.

3rd and 4th rows: Purl. Cast off.

BOOTEES

Using No. 10 needles and GW cast on 32 sts. and knit 6 rows.

Next 2 rows: * K1, P1, repeat from * to end.

Next row: * K1, P1, M1, P2 tog., repeat from * to end.

Next row: * K1, P1, repeat from * to end.

Next row: K22, turn.

Next row: P12, turn.

Next row: K12.

Work 8 rows more on these 12 sts., then with right side of work facing, pick up and knit 8 sts. down side of st. st. then knit across 10 sts. on left-hand needle.

Next row: P28, pick up and knit 8 sts. down side of st. st. (44 sts.).

Work 6 rows in st. st.

Shape Heel and Toe—1st row: K2 tog., K14, K2 tog., K8, SKPO, K14, K2 tog.

2nd and alternate rows: Purl.

3rd row: K2 tog., K12, K2 tog., K8, SKPO, K12, K2 tog.

4th row: K2 tog., K10, K2 tog., K8, SKPO, K10, K2 tog.

5th row: Purl.

Cast off.

VEST

Using No. 10 needles cast on 44 sts. and work 4 rows in K1, P1, rib. Change to st. st. until work measures 3 ins., ending with a purl row.

Shape armhole—Cast off 5 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows, then K2 tog. at each end of alternate rows three times. (28 sts.)

Continue on these sts. until work measures 5½ ins. Cast off.

Right Front

Using No. 10 needles cast on 28 sts. and work 4 rows in K1, P1, rib.

Now work in st. st. until work measures 3 ins., ending with a knit row.

Shape Armhole and Front—Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next row, then dec. one st. at each end of next 3 rows. Now keeping armhole edge straight, cont. to dec. at Front Edge until 9 sts. remain. Continue on these sts. until work measures 5½ ins. Cast off.

Left Front

Work as for Right Front reversing all shapings.

PILCH

Using No. 10 needles cast on 44 sts. and work 3 rows in K1, P1, rib.

Next row: * K2 tog., M1, K1, P1, repeat from * to end.

Work 4 rows more in rib. Change to st. st. (1st row—knit) until work measures 2½ ins.

Now dec. one st. at each end of every row until 8 sts. remain. Work 4 rows more. Cast off. Make a second side exactly as first side.

TO MAKE UP

Pin out and press each piece on wrong side under a damp cloth.

Dress. Join side, left shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Thread ribbon through holes at neck and waist. From all seams.

Coat. Join sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Work 2 rows DC up each front. Thread ribbon through holes at neck and waist. From all seams.

Neckband. Turn back 2 rows of DC round. Turn back 2 rows of DC round. Thread ribbon through holes at neck and waist. From all seams.

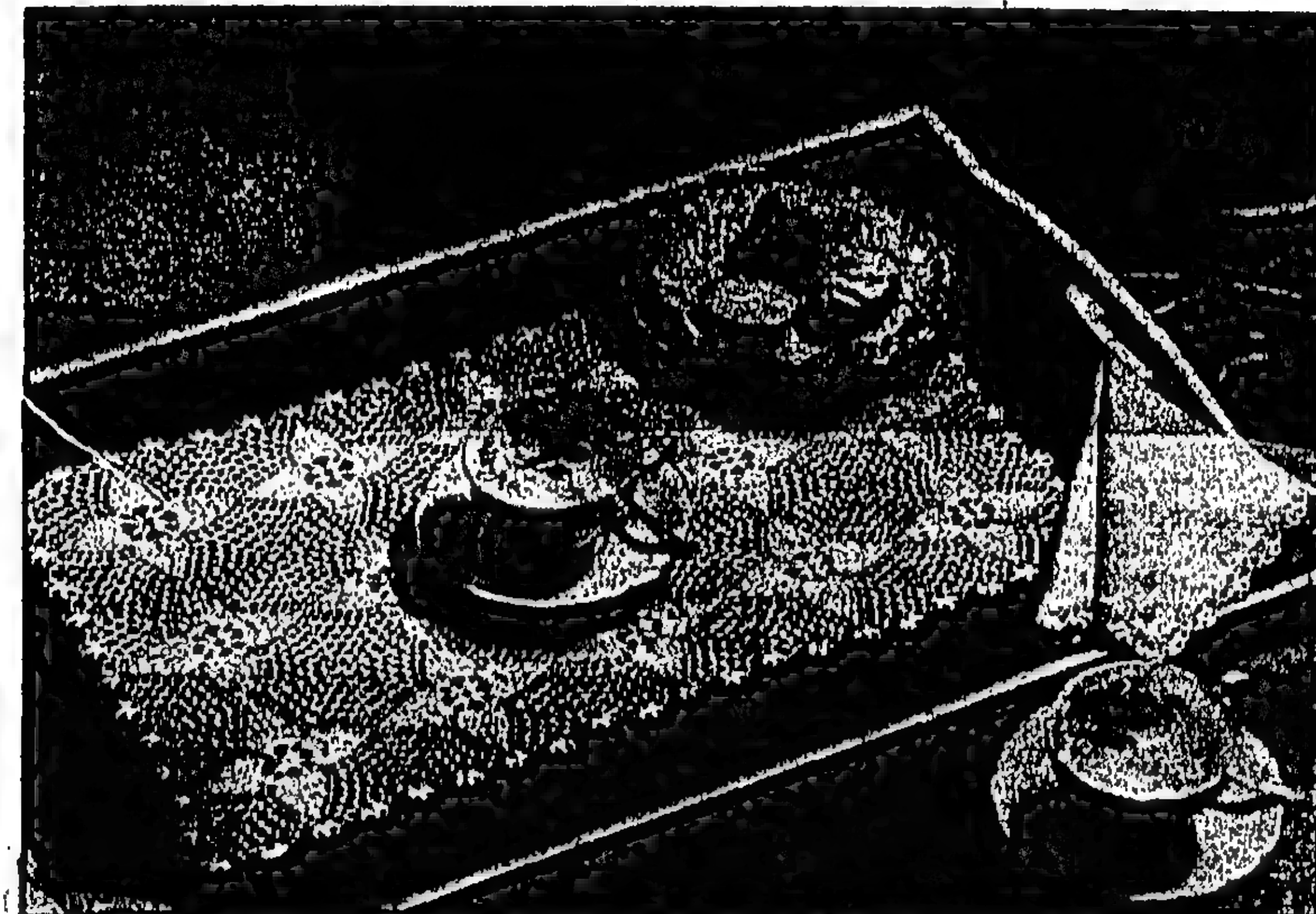
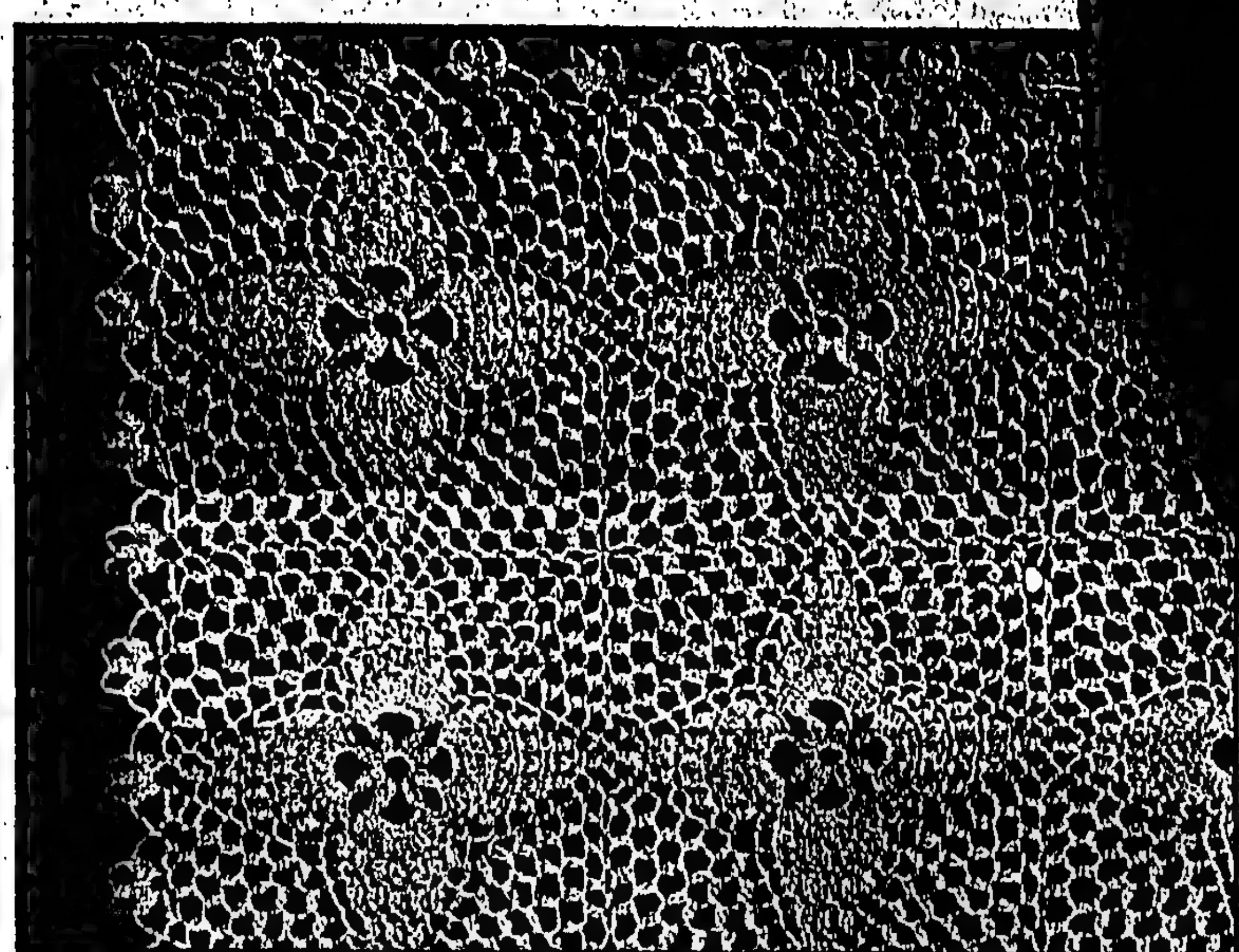
Neckband. Turn back 2 rows of DC round. Turn back 2 rows of DC round. Thread ribbon through holes at neck and waist. From all seams.

Neckband. Turn back 2 rows of DC round. Turn back 2 rows of DC round. Thread ribbon through holes at neck and waist. From all seams.

Neckband. Turn back 2 rows of DC round. Turn back 2 rows of DC round. Thread ribbon through holes at neck and waist. From all seams.

Neckband. Turn back 2 rows of DC round. Turn back 2 rows of DC round. Thread ribbon through holes at neck and waist. From all seams.

Neckband. Turn back 2 rows of DC round. Turn back 2 rows of DC round. Thread ribbon through holes at neck and waist. From all seams.



TRAY MAT AND NAPKIN

MATERIALS: Coats Chain Mercer Crochet No. 20 (20 Gram). 4 balls selected colour. Piece of linen to match. Milwards Steel Crochet Hook No. 8 (Black workers could use a No. 8½ hook and tight workers a No. 2½). (5 Motifs can be worked from 1 ball).

TENSION: One Motif—3½ in. (9.5 cm.) square.

MEASUREMENTS: 19½ in. x 12½ in. (50 cm x 31 cm.).

ABBREVIATIONS: ch—chain; dc—double crochet; tr—treble; dbi tr—double treble; sp—space ss—slip stitch.

TRAY MAT (First Motif)

Commence with 8 ch, join with ss to form ring.

1st Row: 4 ch, holding back on hook the last loop of each dbi tr work 2 dbi tr into ring, thread over and draw through all loops on hook (dbi tr cluster made), 8 ch, (into same ring work 8 dbi tr cluster, 8 ch) 7 times, join with 1 ss into top of first cluster.

2nd Row: Ss into next loop, 4 ch, 14 dbi tr into same loop, 1 dc into next loop, 15 dbi tr into next loop, 1 dc into next loop; repeat from * all round, join with 1 ss into 4th of 4 ch.

3rd Row: 1 dc into same place as ss. * (2 ch, miss next dbi tr, 1 dc into next dbi tr) 7 times, 5 ch, 1 dc into first dbi tr of next group; repeat from * omitting 1 dc at end of last repeat, 1 ss into first dc.

4th Row: Ss into next 2 ch loop, 3 ch, holding back on hook the last loop of each tr work 2 tr into same loop, thread over and draw through all loops on hook (tr cluster made), 5 ch, 1 dc into next loop, 5 ch, 1 dc into next loop, 5 ch, 1 dc into next loop; repeat from * omitting 1 dc at end of last repeat, 1 ss into top of first cluster.

5th Row: Ss into next sp, 1 dc into next sp, * (2 ch, 1 dc into next sp) 5 times, 5 ch, 1 dc into next loop, 5 ch, 1 dc into next loop, 5 ch, 1 dc into next loop; repeat from * omitting 1 dc at end of last repeat, 1 ss into top of first cluster.

6th Row: Ss into next sp, 1 dc into next sp, * (2 ch, 1 dc into next sp) 5 times, 5 ch, 1 dc into next loop, 5 ch, 1 dc into next loop, 5 ch, 1 dc into next loop; repeat from * omitting 1 dc at end of last repeat, 1 ss into top of first cluster.

7th Row: Ss into next sp, 1 dc into next sp, * (2 ch, 1 dc into next sp) 5 times, 5 ch, 1 dc into next loop, 5 ch, 1 dc into next loop, 5 ch, 1 dc into next loop; repeat from * omitting 1 dc at end of last repeat, 1 ss into top of first cluster.

8th Row: Ss into next sp, 1 dc into next sp, * (2 ch, 1 dc into next sp) 5 times, 5 ch, 1 dc into next loop, 5 ch, 1 dc into next loop, 5 ch, 1 dc into next loop; repeat from * omitting 1 dc at end of last repeat, 1 ss into top of first cluster.

9th Row: Ss into next sp, 1 dc into next sp, * (2 ch, 1 dc into next sp) 5 times, 5 ch, 1 dc into next loop, 5 ch, 1 dc into next loop, 5 ch, 1 dc into next loop; repeat from * omitting 1 dc at end of last repeat, 1 ss into top of first cluster.

10th Row: Ss into next sp, 1 dc into next sp, * (2 ch, 1 dc into next sp) 5 times, 5 ch, 1 dc into next loop, 5 ch, 1 dc into next loop, 5 ch, 1 dc into next loop; repeat from * omitting 1 dc at end of last repeat, 1 ss into top of first cluster.

11th Row: Ss into next sp, 1 dc into next sp, * (2 ch, 1 dc into next sp) 5 times, 5 ch, 1 dc into next loop, 5 ch, 1 dc into next loop, 5 ch, 1 dc into next loop; repeat from * omitting 1 dc at end of last repeat, 1 ss into top of first cluster.

12th Row: Ss into next sp, 1 dc into next sp, * (2 ch, 1 dc into next sp) 5 times, 5 ch, 1 dc into next loop, 5 ch, 1 dc into next loop, 5 ch, 1 dc into next loop; repeat from * omitting 1 dc at end of last repeat, 1 ss into top of first cluster.

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SIR BEVERLEY BAXTER ANSWERS MR J. SMITH

COURTESY IS NOT DEAD, BUT THERE ARE BAD INFLUENCES

SOMEWHERE in Britain there is a citizen named J. Smith. Beyond that I cannot identify him because in the letter he sent to an editor he failed to give his address. Here is most of the letter:

"Why Britain is where she is today, I heard someone from abroad say, is because of the complete lack of service. There is not one section of the community that tries to please another. Workmen, shops, railways, cafes, everything. With the exception of the Royal Family and possible the Police."

All right, Mr Smith! Your letter is not only topical, it contains a challenge. But first we must deal with your foreign friend.

If I were a woman I would hate to be his wife. To say that there is not one section of the community that tries to please another is baldness. The newspaper seller thanks you for your twopenny, the bus conductor (sometimes) thanks you for your half-crown as he gives the change, the pedestrian is friendly and proud if a foreigner asks the way to Westminster Abbey.

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Not is this courtesy confined to the metropolis. Even though there is undoubtedly a decline in good manners, the British people have not really changed.

Then can we claim that all is for the best in the best of all countries? Unhappily—no. The character of this island race has not altered in its fundamentals, but there are bad influences at work. And one of the worst is the gospel that a man who does an honest day's work is a mug.

The biggest menace to industry today is the shop steward, and that fact is not less true because some of the shop stewards are good sensible men. Nor am I stating this merely from hearsay.

Early in the latter war I was appointed Controller of Aircraft Factory Co-operation. The battle of Britain had begun and the fate of this country depended on our armament, our aeroplanes and the workers in the factories. Never in the long story of Great Britain was there a battle of such terrible significance.

That little band of airmen flew into battle, giving their

lives for Britain might live. In the aircraft factories the men and women were working twelve hours a day or twelve hours a night seven days a week.

In the Aircraft Ministry we knew that the strain was inhuman and could not last indefinitely, but my task was to exhort the men and women to work to the point of absolute exhaustion. And their response was magnificent.

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But as the battle intensified we became conscious that there were trouble-makers in the factories. The older union officials were magnificent, but the trouble-makers were a sort of guerrilla movement called "shop stewards".

They had the gift of the gab—no one could deny that. Many of them were Communists, well trained in the art of seducing decent workers. Russia was not in the war at that time, and therefore we were fighting merely to preserve Capitalism. In Russia or Germany such men would have been shot, but in Britain we allowed them to do their dirty work because, as a nation, we believe in liberty.

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Thus there developed within the trade union movement a guerrilla movement. These fellows could talk the check round and they advanced in influence and power while the workers toiled and the airmen, the sailors and the soldiers went to their death.

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I do not claim that all shop stewards at that time were traitors. But I do claim that many near-traitors were shop stewards.

Now let us come to things as they are today. The trade union movement has advanced in power and prestige until it takes its place with the Throne, the Church, Parliament, the Courts and the Press as an estate of the Realm.

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But the guerrillas have also grown in power, and thus the Communists secured control of the small Electricians' Union and were able, single-handed, to bring about the newspaper strike, which did untold damage to the newspapers and their employees as well as to the little people who make their livelihood from selling newspapers.

In fact, the unofficial strike is now the darkest shadow upon industrial relations. The decent, honest workman is helpless. He is little more than a pawn in a dirty game.

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boardings all over the country. It reads: There was a young man of some learning Who for smoking had always a yearning, Until one day he awoke And said: "This is no joke, I am spending as fast as I'm earning."

Mr Little, Mrs Little and I all laughed, and I passed round the fruit-drops.

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At my request he summed up the attitude of the society to the smoking world at large. Smokers have taken upon themselves the right to poison the pure air to choke the atmosphere of restaurants, cinemas, telephone kiosks and sports stadiums. They spray ash over other people. They drop their fags ends in your cups and leave them in your pockets.

"They do all these things at a right. The rights of the non-smokers are not considered at all."

But why should a man who creates a successful business become rich? The answer is a simple one. He built something that did not exist before. If he is an exporter he brings valuable foreign currency to this country, and in the process he gives work to hundreds or thousands of people.

Do you want the State to take over his business and have it run by Government-appointed officials? The answer is obvious. No nationalised industry could compete with the privately owned industries of America, West Germany and France.

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So why denounce the man who creates work for thousands of people and strengthens the economy of the country? He cannot eat more than three meals a day. He cannot ride in more than one motor car at a time. He cannot sleep more than eight hours out of the twenty-four. If that long an army in the field might as well refuse to have a commander, as an industry without a managing director and chairman.

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From the nature of the life I lead it is impossible not to be successful. I know a lot of successful financiers and industrialists, and I would not exchange my life for theirs at any price. They are not only competing with each other but with the whole world.

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Think how the bankers of Britain have served us as a people. Think how the insurance companies have strengthened our economy and made it possible for us to ensure the well-being of our dependants. That historic square mile called the City of London does endless service to the nation.

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Let us face reality. Equality among men is just as impossible as equality among horses. And when the noble army of mugs try to pick the winner of the £50, do they eschew the well-bred horse and plunk their money on one whose sire was a near relation to a mule?

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Look to your leadership! That should be the cry of the people in every country. Look to your minorities in science, education, medicine and industry—for your leadership will nearly always come from the minority. But also look to the education and training of youth so that the ruling minorities will be able to draw ability to their ranks.

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America has not a great deal to teach us, but there is one thing about their psychology that I much admire. They love success. They love to see a man rise by his own efforts to power or wealth. Perhaps that is why the relations between workers

and employers are better than ours. To a much greater extent than ourselves the Americans have workers' committees that meet the management in order to increase efficiency and thereby, to increase profits. In fact, the element of co-partnership in America has done much to help production.

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Yet if I could double my earnings by living in America I would still choose to remain here. To me there is no country in the world where one can have so full a life as in this island kingdom.

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I did not know a living soul when I came here on disembarkation leave in the first war. But Mr Pickwick and Sam Weller were my companions and I walked with Shakespeare on the South Bank. The winding country lanes, the good company of the pub, the rolling hills with a church steeple outlined against the sky, the gentleness of it all... the greatness of it all... it went to my head like strong wine.

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Can we not recover something of the selflessness and comradeship that softened the harsh cruelty of war? Courtesy has nothing to do with obsequiousness. Rather it is the flowering of the spirit. Can we not borrow the rallying cry of the Three Musketeers "one for all and all for one?"

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Before you wallow in self-sympathy why not count your

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Most Beautiful Girl In Opera

By TREVOR GEE

FOR the last month Pilar Lorengar, the 25-year-old Spanish soprano, has been leading a double life. Twice a week she flew from Brussels, where she has been singing the title part in Verdi's "La Traviata" in Italian, to learn the same part in English for her debut at Covent Garden.

"English is not so easy," she admitted when I met her, "but I learn fast." Where singing is concerned she has learned very fast indeed.

It is only five years since she began to study seriously. Now, with a three-year contract from American impresario Sol Hurok in her pocket, she is well on the way to the top.

Good looks and a vivacious personality have helped, too. The days are quickly passing when operatic heroines looked as though they had been created to commemorate something.

Pilar has already been called "the most beautiful opera singer in the world." With her chestnut hair, hazel eyes, almond-blossom skin and good figure, I should say that is not far short of the truth.

Mountain maid

In a dark brown, fan-pleated silk dress, with a bright pink flower-pot hat and fur coat, she looked like a strawberry-cream chocolate in its crinkly wrapping. Not at all "typically Spanish" as we think of it, although she was born in Saragossa—an inland town among the barren mountains of Aragon in north-east Spain.

The land there is iced in winter and cloddy like a fur-

nace floor in the short summer. Water is as rare—and as valuable—as a precious jewel.

Probably that is why Pilar loves the sea—"I like to hear the waves and to feel the water."

Her home now is in Madrid. Was there any musical tradition in the family? She shook her head: "No; my mother had what you call—a nice voice, nothing more. My father and brother—nothing." As a child Pilar was always singing.

Later she started getting parts in "Zoraguelus"—the light-hearted type of Spanish comic opera. She attracted the notice of the singing professor at the Madrid Conservatoire, who persuaded her to train more seriously.

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Then—triumph

Two years ago she won the Grand Prix for singing at the Conservatoire. Following her appearance at a concert given in Madrid by Spain's leading orchestra, she went to Italy to sing Patti in "La Bohème" and Marguerite in Gounod's "Faust."

I have heard her sing at the Aix-en-Provence Festival last July, where she sang Cherubino—the lovesick page in Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro." Though her charm was too much for the boyish make-up, her clear, fresh voice sparkled like an extra fountain in that city of fountains.

A triumph at Brussels in her favourite part of "La Traviata" was the next step. Six appearances at Covent Garden between now and Christmas, and then she is off next year to America to sing at the Metropolitan, New York, and to appear on TV and radio.

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And away from the opera house? "I look for beauty and art," said Pilar. Beautiful clothes—"always I buy more

than I can better afford—then I sing better and better to pay the bills."

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Beautiful paintings—"I gaze at them for hours."

Between rehearsals she has spent so much time at our National Gallery that she has seen little else of London yet. Loyally she names the Spanish painters Goya and El Greco as her favourites, but said, too, that she would really like to own a Murillo or a Picasso.

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Domestically, Pilar is not much of an asset. If she marries, her husband must not expect her to cook his meals and wash his slippers. She bores house-hold chores, and is terrified of the kitchen.

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Gertrude, too....

After that—no more cooking. I asked her one last question—whether she sang only operatic music, or if she liked popular music as well. "Of course I like it," she said, "when it is good quality. Like this...."

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THE DIVA

than I can better afford—then I sing better and better to pay the bills."

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MR LITTLE FIGHTS SMOKING WITH LIMERICKS...

I SCRUBBED my fingers briskly with pumice stone, popped a mint into my mouth, buttoned my cigarettes carefully into my hip pocket and set out for Herne Hill.

These precautions were very necessary as I was about to meet the Rev. H. V. Little who as secretary of the National Society of Non-Smokers, has declared war on all tobacco addicts.

At Victoria Station I stopped to buy a packet of fruit drops. Fruit drops, I felt, would appease those tickles at the back of the throat.

My precautions proved largely superfluous. Far from being a formidable customer, the Rev. Hubert Little proved to be a mild man in his sixties who believes in wooing the unconverted with limericks rather than bludgeoning them with threats.

The text

Inside his home—one of those large, lumbering houses which seem to bear on their creaking shoulders all London's worries—Mr Little showed me the text of an advertisement he is considering—exhibiting on

says
WOOD GERALD

boardings all over the country.

It reads: There was a young man of some learning Who for smoking had always a yearning, Until one day he awoke And said: "This is no joke, I am spending as fast as I'm earning."

Mr Little, Mrs Little and I all laughed, and I passed round the fruit-drops.

We were sitting in a room in which huge pieces of Victorian furniture hung around the walls like enormous vines and the plush upholstery on the chairs absorbed rather than cushioned.

I decided to make a clean breast of it and said: "I am an inveterate smoker."

Mr Little passed me a pamphlet from a pile at his elbow. It was entitled, "A Pamphlet Addressed to Youth." I felt suitably flattered.

At my request he summed up the attitude of the society to the smoking world at large. Smokers have taken upon themselves the right to poison the pure air to choke the atmosphere of restaurants, cinemas, telephone kiosks and sports stadiums. They spray ash over other people. They drop their fags ends in your cups and leave them in your pockets.

And what does the society (membership 5,000) propose to do about it? "We aim to have smoking prohibited in all public halls and buildings, vehicles and places of entertainment," said Mr Little, passing me another pamphlet. Mrs Little passed me a cup of tea.

Remembering several dismal failures on my own account, I reminded Mr Little that giving up smoking is a painful and protracted business. The society, however, is ready to send Non-Smokers Anonymous to the aid of any struggling convert.

The National Society of Non-Smokers is no armchair body. It is active in the immediate eradication of the non-smokers' rights.

He moved

Mr Little proudly showed me a despatch freshly arrived from Scotland announcing the banning of smoking in a restaurant. He told me gleefully of a lady member at present rousting British Railways for insufficient vigilance in preventing smoking in non-smoking compartments.

Said Mr Little: "When a man smoked in my third-class non-smoking compartment recently I moved to a first-class carriage. When a ticket collector came I said he must eject the smoker or I would not budge."

He reported to me mild brushes with smokers everywhere. But if being a vigilant anti-tobacco enthusiast has its dangers it also has its embarrassments. "On a holiday at Bourne-mouth," he said, "I won first prize in a fag-the Time quiz. The prize turned out to be a box of a brandy cigarette."

(CONTINUED)

POCKET CARTOON
by OSBERT LANCASTER

PARADE A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

LAND OF HOPE: Jump ship in a foreign port to seek a new life in some golden land? Not likely, nowadays, if you're an Englishman.

England is the golden land, and it is in English ports that foreign sailors jump ship to find a fortune.

Between 25,000 and 30,000 seamen, most from India and Pakistan, are believed to have settled in the industrial Midlands.

This was the estimate quoted in a court case brought by the Ellerman Associated Lines, themselves interested in the

Disappearing Trick of some of the sailors. More quickly than the beat of a jungle drum, it seems the grapevine passes news to the crews' quarters of high pay and the clamour of Britain's factories for men—any kind of men with two hands.

Maybe prosperous-looking friends and relatives—who have found a niche in Britain's life—come aboard as the ship lies alongside and converse in undertones. Or perhaps the seamen, after hearing tales of gold in the factories, need no persuasion to hurry away through the docks.

More upset has been that ships' masters at sailing time, have found some of their crew have vanished.

But by that time the seamen are perhaps in distant Birmingham or Coventry with their heavy industries, or in Bradford with its woolen mills.

Their vessel gone, they are safe in their new homeland. They cannot be deported; they are Commonwealth citizens.

Moreover, they form honest, law-abiding communities. In Bradford, the Moslems have their own mosque. The dope-dealer is the exception. The majority work hard in transport or industry. And employers regard them highly.

An occasional trip home costs them nothing. After all, when there is the sudden call of Hands Wanted for a ship sailing East of Suez, they can always sign on.

QUEER STREET The man who plots to work on the building site may not be the lazy fellow music hall jokes imply. Not if he is running a one-man business, anyway.

Cold figures published last week reveal that builders headed Britain's bankruptcy list for 1954. There were 233 failures in the trade that year.

Then come farmers and stock-rearers, with 121; company promoters and directors, 84; hotel-keepers and publicans, 70; grocers, 65 (the public imagines they all do a roaring business).

Curiously, tailors, whose clients are allegedly slow to pay, showed only 20 bankruptcies.

Nor did garage and service station proprietors have to do much chasing after absconding debtors. There were only 33 failures.

In the first nine months of 1955 bankruptcies in all trades and professions totalled 1,637, nearly a hundred less than for the same period last year.

Since then Mr Butler's credit squeeze is known to have hit

one-man business so hard that the final figure is likely to be about the same as last year's.

SCHOOLBOYS' DREAM

An electronic brain, which will eventually be able to translate 3,000 words of French and other languages into English each hour is being perfected at Birkbeck College in London.

This is revealed in the annual report of the Nuffield Foundation, which supports the College's work on mechanical translation with an annual grant.

The report states: "Merely word-for-word translation is unsatisfactory. To solve the problem of word order, the grammatical structure of the language must be investigated in detail and micro-glossaries—stem-ending dictionaries in the specific subject—must be compiled and coded."

The adaptability of the machine to tabulate alternative meanings and the possibility of achieving a literary quality in the translation are now being investigated.

The Birkbeck College department of physics has already discovered a method by which idioms can be treated, devised a simple set of procedures whereby a French text can be rendered into acceptable English by means of the machine, and invented a method of searching which reduces the time needed by the machine to locate any word in a dictionary of 100,000 words from 17 minutes to a quarter of a second.

Eventually it is hoped to make the machine "read" and take dictation.

BOY BISHOP ENTHRONED

For the first time a "boy bishop" has been enthroned at Canvey Island, Essex. He was 12-year-old Anthony David Phillips.

The service, at St. Katherine's Parish Church, was partly conducted by children. The "boy bishop" had a chaplain and four boy attendants. He wore bishop's robes, specially made for him, and carried a mitre.

The Rev. David G. Cullen, Vicar of Canvey, said, "The custom of boy bishops goes back to 1282, but today it is only observed in three or four parts of the country. Much research went into finding out about the ceremony."

Anthony, who is the first "boy bishop" of Canvey, will continue in office until December 28 and will conduct the services of St. Nicholas' Guild each Sunday afternoon. St. Nicholas is the patron saint of "boy bishops."

THE CUSTOMERS ARE SCARED OF CANNIBALS

By George Malcolm Thomson

INSIDE AFRICA. By John Gunther. Hamish Hamilton, 30s. 960 pages.

GUNTER formed countless impressions, reached few conclusions during his 40,000 miles tour of Africa three years ago. One conclusion was: "Take all in all, British rule is the best. If I were an African, I would rather live in a British territory than any other."

After wandering for a while in Gunther's thousand-page jungle of print, the reader will reach a conclusion of his own. The crust of African civilisation is mighty thin at the best—will it be strong enough to support the weight of self-government now being built on it at varying speeds by benevolent and determined men? It looks like a gamble. If so, the stake, do not forget, is the lives and well-being of millions of human beings.

WITCH DOCTOR

In Nigeria African nationalism has reached the stage when it has taken over government; yet 83 percent of the people are illiterate. White people can go anywhere; it is the Africans who are scared. What of? Cannibalism. Last known case of cannibalism, 1948.

In some local butchers' shops customers will not buy the meat unless a piece of animal hide is attached to it.

In Lagos a 16-year-old boy, told at school that jujitsu was nonsense, heard drumbeats in his suburb one night and slipped out into the street in time to see his father, dressed as a jujitsu man, leading a procession of dancers.

In the Gold Coast, the colony next door, the dynamic figure is Nkrumah, bachelor politician ("Every woman in the Gold Coast is my bride") known as "Show boy" not because he boasts but because he is proud-

ly regarded by his political followers as their best exhibit. Nkrumah was reared a Roman Catholic, is now an "undenominational Christian," also a Marxist. It is said that he occasionally consults a witch doctor.

Nkrumah is one of the remarkable personalities modern Africa has thrown up. Others are: The Emperor Haile Selassie, over-worked dictator of Ethiopia. "Zik" (Azikiwe), leading demagogue of Nigeria and soccer fan. It is said that Zik when asked what he would do if told the British were going to leave Nigeria on October 1, replied, "Take the boat for England on September 30."

AUSTERE

Awolowo, rival of "Zik," is an austere intellectual. "If only Awolowo would relax and have a glass of sherry with us some time," complained an Englishman.

Jomo Kenyatta, prophet of Mau Mau, with his flamboyant clothes, his overwhelming appeal to Kikuyu women.

There are outstanding European servants of Africa like Sir Edward Twining.

Governor of Tanganyika, known as Twinkletoes, Michael Blundell, Sir Ernest Oppenheimer, Dr. Schweitzer, to say nothing of the C. P. Ionides, a Tanganyika forest ranger and famous naturalist, who threw his watch away in 1927 and, ever since, has let the birds tell him the time.

PRIVATE POINT

To Gunther it is obvious that the most fascinating and heartening part of Africa is the British West with its startling freedom from colour bar; its smart young Negro officers of the West African Frontier Force; the proceedings of the Acaea Legislative Assembly where debate is on a high but genial level.

"How many wives have you got?" asked one member, Mr. Poku, of another, Mr. Atta. "I will tell you in private later," answered Mr. Atta.

The local Hansard demurely recorded "Laughter."

In Nigeria, to Gunther's surprise, women dominate retail trade. Everywhere they may be seen with their little overloaded trucks ("mammy wagons") painted with slogans like "God is good" or "We believe in the United Africa Company."

TWO NOTABLE NEW BOOKS

Said the Oba of Lagos, "God did not make Nigeria. The British did." Worst feature of the country—"dash," i.e. bribery and corruption. "If you don't give me 15s.," said a nurse in the hospital to her patient. "I'll see that your next operation is fatal."

To Gunther, the finest things he saw in Africa were—the game reserves. The most exciting female dancing by the harlem of El Gilaoui, Pasha of Marrakesh. The most beautiful women—the Fulani of Northern Nigeria. The most diligent, reliable Africans—the Nyassa, product of Scottish Presbyterian mission schools.

FAST-MOVING

Said a European in Rhodesia: "The Nyassa are the source of all our woes—they are so intelligent and able."

Gunther is no expert; is not even exceptionally well informed. But he is industrious, fast-moving, fair-minded enough to keep an eye on his prejudices, sensible enough to borrow freely from those who know. The impressions he picks up and passes on are vivid and animated. The crust of African civilisation may be thin; Gunther skates on it with beguiling vivacity.

THE SURGEON OF THE HUMAN HEART

By NANCY SPAIN

WHAT an embarrassment to us all is Graham Greene.

His new novel, **THE QUIET AMERICAN** (Heinemann, 15s. 6d.), is going to be the greatest embarrassment of all.

Why? Because masterpieces quite often make for exceedingly uncomfortable reading.

And unless I am very much mistaken "The Quiet American" is as near a masterpiece as anything else I have ever read in the last 20 years.

Like thousands of other people I have grown up with Graham Greene's novels.

With a fascinating sense of sin I read "Brighton Rock" under the elderdown at Redden, puzzled over "The Power and the Glory" in the W.R.N.S., and finally succumbed to the spell of "The Third Man."

What sort of a man is this that he can so haunt a generation?

He was born in 1904 and educated at Berkhamsted, where his father was head master. He could read when he was three (but kept it secret), he had his first story published at 15, saw

his poems published under the title "Babbling April" when he was up at Oxford.

So far, so good. Just like any other bright young man.

But then, at the age of 19, for a joke, he joined the Communist Party. He paid out 2s. in 6d. weekly instalments, got a little green card. And oh, what an embarrassment this was to everyone afterwards.

For twice after this Greene was refused visas into anti-Communist countries. And this in spite of the fact that some of his books are banned in Russia.

A CATHOLIC

THREE years after this childish prank he joined the Church of Rome. He got a job on the Nottingham Journal; he got a job on the Times.

He wrote a best-seller, "The Man Within," taking his title from Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici." "There's another man within that's angry with me."

How right. For Greene's angry conscience will not let him even leave his Church in peace. (Remember how he nagged the Church when it refused novelist Colette a Catholic funeral in 1954?)

He has a collection of more than 78 different kinds of whisky. He has been sued for libel by Shirley Temple. He once wrote a parody of himself that won a guinea in a New Statesman competition.

And in 1953 I was told by the charming and long-suffering Monsignor in charge of vetting books for the Catholic Index of Banned Books that he had been mildly embarrassed by "The Heart of the Matter" and "The End of the Affair"—novels that both question important points of Roman Catholic dogma.

THE BOOK

"**THE QUIET AMERICAN**" is about an English newspaperman called Fowler, who is living in Saigon in time of civil war, with a beautiful Asian girl.

A quiet American called Pyle, comes out to Saigon with the American Expeditionary Force.

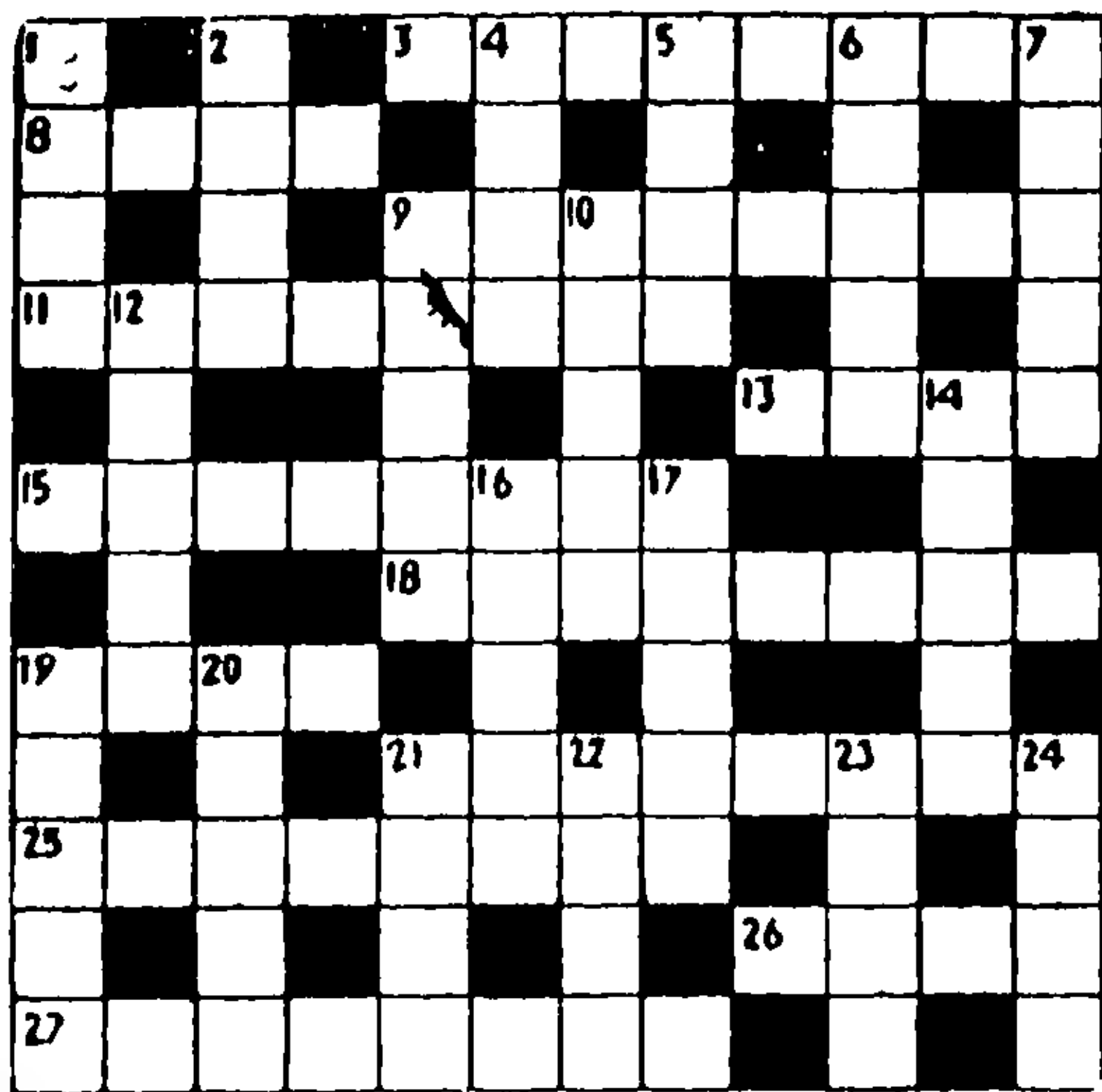
Mission. Pyle has read a lot of books about the East, and he sides with General The in the war. This means that Pyle puts a booby trap in the market-place and kills a lot of innocent people. So Pyle has to be murdered before he murders anyone else.

But not before he has complicated the purity of Fowler's motives towards him. How does he do this? Well, he falls in love with Fowler's Asian girl and asks her to marry him. So Fowler's girl goes to live with Pyle instead. Moreover, worst of all, out on the battlefield, Pyle saves Fowler's life.

Of course, this is not a happy book. It is too much like life for that. We don't live in a new book will start the usual little crop of young writers, hopefully writing in the shade of Greene.

Never mind. There are three things that the young writer will be able to imitate. His shyness, his timidity, his awkwardness, and his "right feeling" knowledge of the terror at the heart of man.

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

- 3 Series of operations (8)
8 Beverage (4)
9 Determined (8)
11 Bullfighter (8)
13 Dogs (4)
15 Mended (8)
18 Business chief (8)
19 Vehicles (4)
21 Offered (8)
23 Marries (8)
24 Drug (4)
27 Precious hoard (8)

DOWN

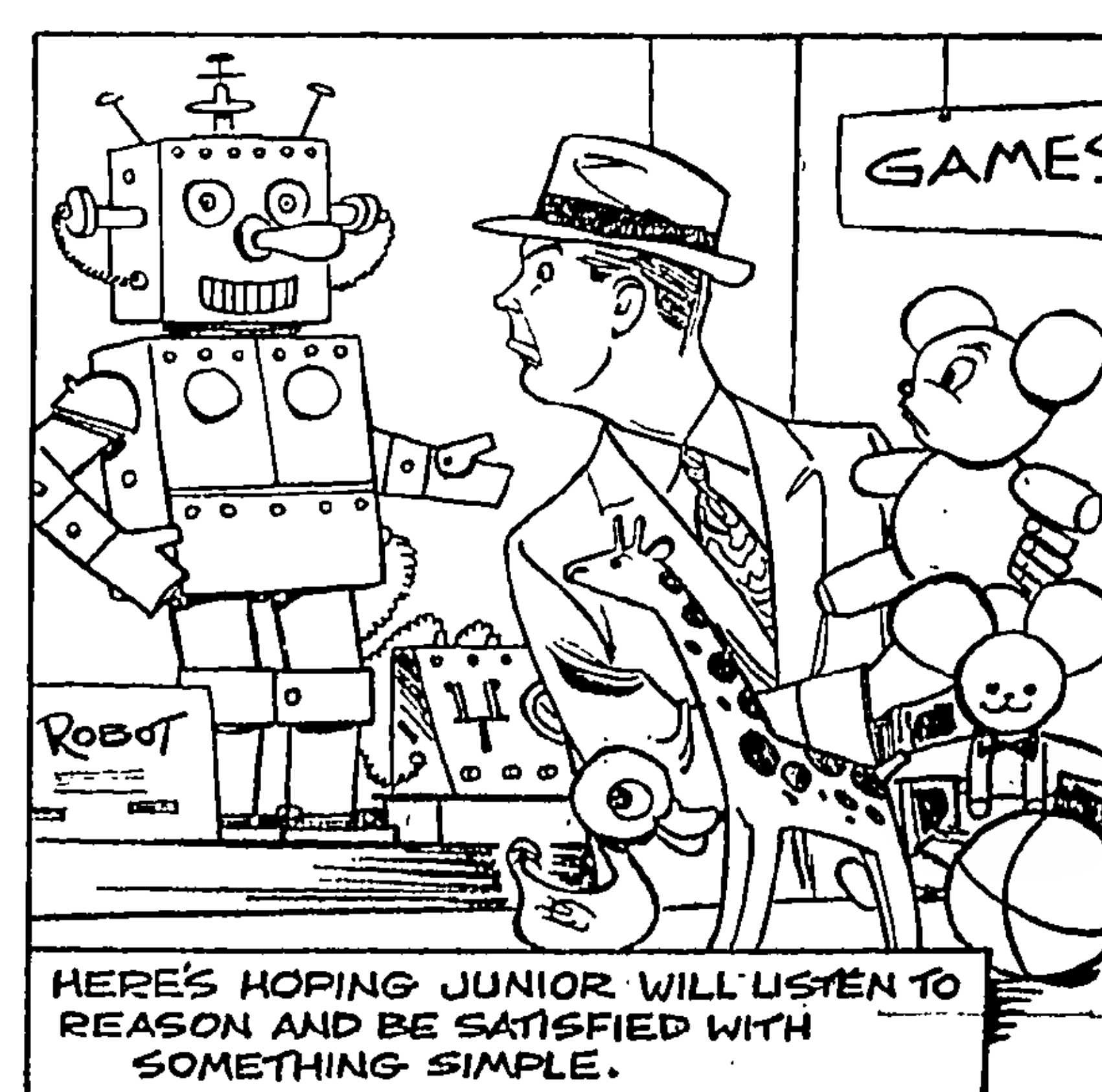
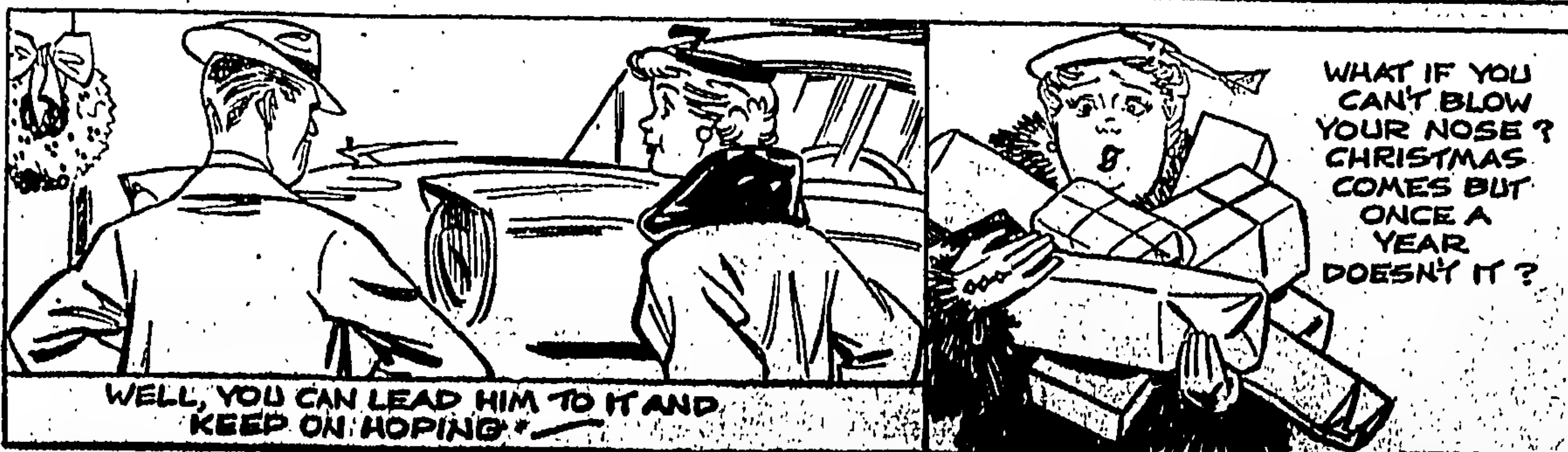
- 1 Leave out (4)
2 Couple (4)
4 Initiated (4)
5 Impoverished (4)
6 Harden (5)
7 Requires (5)
9 Swift (5)
10 Sedate (5)
12 Musical work (5)
14 Run away (5)
16 Vexes (5)
17 Exploite (5)
19 Box (5)
20 Indian coin (5)
21 Pulls (4)
22 Nigh (4)
23 Apartment (4)
24 Consider (4)

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD.—Across: 1 Gasp, 2 Basis, 3 Opponent, 4 Thump, 5 Spread, 6 Erected, 7 Prelude, 8 Credit, 9 About, 10 Emulated, 11 Ducks, 12 Edean, Down: 1 Glass, 2 Probe, 3 Died, 4 Bottle, 5 Situated, 6 Stupid, 7 Rhetoric, 8 Recluse, 9 Placed, 10 Utters, 11 Eluded, 12 Tudor.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Shop Early

BY HARRY WEINERT



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Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail - A "China Mail" Feature

Your Christmas Radio Fare

Queen's Message Tomorrow

Since His Majesty King George V made his first Christmas broadcast, the highlight of Christmas Radio all over the British Commonwealth and Empire has been the sovereign's Christmas message. At eleven o'clock on Christmas Day, Radio Hongkong will be relaying Her Majesty the Queen's Christmas message to her peoples from her home in Sandringham.

For the holiday period, Christmas Day, Boxing Day, and on Tuesday, Radio Hongkong will be on the air all day. The Christmas programmes abound with good cheer, and there should be something to suit everyone's taste. Here are some of the offerings for the Holidays:

The tradition of performing the story of the birth of Our Lord as a play is almost as old as the story itself, and even in so comparatively new a medium as Radio, no Christmas Eve of broadcasting would be complete without a nativity play. This evening, listeners may hear "An Evening at the Inn", which was especially written for radio by Derek Llweilyn Jones.

The cast includes Peter Plumley as Joseph, John Wallace as David, and David Lytle as two shepherds, and Audrey Meadows as the innkeeper's wife. Production is by Timothy Birch.

A Christmas message by His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury will be broadcast at 8.15 this evening, from the BBC.

CHRISTMAS DAY

"Did you hear about the plot to overthrow Christmas? No. Well, gather ye now from Maine to the isthmus of Panama, and listen to the story of the utter ingenuity of some guy goings-on in Hell."

So begins the light-hearted radio play for Christmas by Norman Corwin which can be heard at 8.30. Norman Corwin, probably the biggest name in American radio, has always been conscious of the fact that the one advantage radio has over other mediums of dramatic entertainment is its ability to create unlikely and even impossible scenes and situations, and so it is that the setting for the opening of "The Plot to Overthrow Christmas" is Hell itself.

The legions of damned souls assemble at a mass meeting under the chairmanship of Mephisto, and upset by the loss of face that Evil suffers every Christmas Eve because of the Good Will that prevails among mankind, they decide to do something about it.

Various suggestions are put forward, but it is Lucifer, Borgia's suggestion that Santa Claus should be assassinated which is finally accepted. The play was first broadcast in the United States of America in 1938, and this year the plot has been hatched by Radio Hongkong using a cast of well known local players, including Peter Plumley, Reggie Granville, Alex Borrie and Audrey Meadows, and violinist Moira Rae.

At 10.30 on Christmas morning you are invited to join a conducted tour of HMS "Newfoundland", a cruiser of the Far East Fleet, in harbour for Christmas. Your guide will be the Rev. John Marks, RN, the ship's chaplain, and he will introduce officers and men of the ship's company. Between them they will build up a picture of how men of the Royal Navy spend "Christmas on Board." The programme will include carols by the ship's choir conducted by Lt. G. Y. Temple, RN.

BOXING DAY

For the children at five o'clock - "Peter Pan" - Sir James Barrie's famous play about the boy who wouldn't grow up.

At 7.30 comes Radio Hongkong's Christmas Party. Recorded in a party atmosphere, the programme shows some unusual aspects of various well known local radio personalities and has a few sly digs at some of the locally produced programmes.

Listeners who have enjoyed Maurice Clare's two recitals at Wah Yan College recently, will be pleased to hear that they can listen to a half-hour recital by the distinguished violinist from the Concert Hall of Radio Hongkong at half past nine.

Maurice Clare will be accompanied by Maria Zalan at the piano.

"Off the Beaten Track" at nine o'clock brings on the air two well known radio voices, and a good deal of little known words and music ranging from Kipling to Elton and from Berlioz to Jimmy Boyd.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 860 kilocycles per second.)

Today

1.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND OPENING MARCH.

7.02 LIGHT MUSIC.

7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.

7.20 TOP OF THE MORN.

7.45 WEATHER REPORT.

8.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND DIARY FOR TODAY.

8.10 SWEET AND SWING.

9.00 CLOSE DOWN.

12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.

1.32 MUSICAL SCRAPBOOK.

1.00 TIME SIGNAL, JOHN HODDY'S RAGTIME PIANO.

With rhythm accompaniment.

1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1.30 MASTER OF MELODY.

The music of Leslie Stuart.

2.00 STUDIO: HOSPITAL. SE. QUARTER.

Presented by Jean.

3.00 OLD TIME BALLROOM.

With Sydney Thompson and his orchestra.

3.30 FORCES' CHOICE.

Presented by Frank Kilshaw.

4.00 LITERARY HOUR.

Presented by Linda.

Calling all units.

4.45 ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

Army v. Scotland Motor Bus.

Commentary from Caroline Hill.

5.15 BOSTON BOYS ORCHESTRA.

First movement from "Symphony No. 8 in B minor" (Unfinished) (Schubert). 1st movement from "Concerto No. 1 in B flat major, Op. 23" (Tchaikovsky) - with Jesus Maria Sarrona (piano); Finlandia Op. 25 (Sibelius). Excepts from "Les 55pides" (Chopin); Intermezzo from "Cavalleria" (Mascagni).

SPORTS CAVALCADE.

Produced by John Wallace. HANCOCK'S HALF HOUR.

RECORDED LONDON RELAY.

MUSIC FROM THE CHAMPAGNE ROOM.

Introduced by Timothy Birch. SATURDAY STORY.

"Christmas Comfort" by Dorel English.

Read by Ursula Palmer. 10.45 EDMUNDO ROSS AND HIS ORCHESTRA.

Christmas programme. (RECORDED LONDON RELAY).

11.15 RADIO HONGKONG'S CHRISTMAS MUSIC.

Sung by the Choir of Westminster Abbey.

Conducted by Sir William McKie. 11.30 CHRISTMAS MESSAGE.

From the controller of broadcasting.

12.00 MIDNIGHT RELAY OF THE PONTIFICAL HIGH MASS.

From the Roman Catholic Cathedral.

Commentator: The Rev. Father P. McGovern.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

1.00 a.m. CLOSE DOWN.

Sunday

8.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL, BELLS, CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.

8.15 RADIO HONGKONG'S CHRISTMAS MUSIC.

8.30 CHRISTMAS MESSAGE.

8.45 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

9.00 TIME SIGNAL, NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

9.10 "THE CHRISTMAS STORY" (HUTCHINSON).

The Metropolitan Symphony Orchestra.

Conducted by Dolf van der Linden.

9.30 "MAKE ME MERRY."

A Christmas tour of the British Isles.

10.00 "THE MUSIC OF YULETIDE."

MUSIC ON BOARD.

Featuring Officers and Men of H.M.S. Newfoundland introduced by Rev. John Marks, RN.

With their Christmas Choir directed and accompanied by Lt. G. Y. Temple, RN.

11.00 "THE CHRISTMAS DAY SERVICE FROM ST. JOHN'S CATHEDRAL."

London Philharmonic. Rev. F. S. Temple, Dean of Hongkong.

11.15 p.m. CHRISTMAS SONG RE-CHORD.

Michael Head (tenor) sings his own songs.

Star Candles: The Three Mummings.

Ave Maria: Small Christmas Tree.

Slumber Song: The Robins' Carol.

The Little Road to Bethlehem.

12.45 "THE CHRISTMAS CAROL."

A commonwealth Christmas journey.

On Christmas Day, 1955, we tell of the "wise men" of our time who are searching out the secrets of the world in which we live. From many parts of the Commonwealth, from Africa and Asia, from Canada, from West India, Australia, New Zealand and the United Kingdom, come

of my love (Alderson); Flirtation (Wells) (R. Haywood).

1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1.25 SPORTS TIME.

1.35 HOSPITAL REQUESTS.

1.45 CHRISTMAS EXCERPTS.

From "Messiah" (Handel).

1.55 NORMA PROCTOR (Contralto); George Maran (Tenor); Owen Brannigan (Bass); with the London Philharmonic Choir; (Chorus Master: Frederick Jackson) and the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Conducted by Sir Adrian Boult.

2.30 HOME REQUESTS.

Presented by Hilary.

4.30 "THE WITCH."

A Cameo Carillon for Christmas by Trevor Hill.

With incidental music by Henry Wood.

5.00 GILBERT AND SULLIVAN FAVOURITES.

6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.

6.05 CAROLS.

Conducted by Major Hinde.

6.30 "THIRTEEN ISLAND."

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

Part 3: "On the Island."

6.55 WEATHER REPORT.

7.00 NEWS (LONDON RELAY).

7.05 CHRISTMAS MESSAGE FOR THE COMMONWEALTH.

7.10 "A CHRISTMAS CAROL."

Chaplain-General to the Forces.

7.15 INTERLUDE.

7.20 "A CHRISTMAS GARLAND."

OF VERSE, PROSE AND MUSIC (RECORDED).

Voices: David Lytle, Reg Givill, K. Lambart, Bob Fearnley, Whittington, David Jones, Vi Dekker, David Jones, Narrated by Brian Weldon, produced by Aileen Dekker.

8.00 POPULAR CHORUSES FROM OPIELA.

8.30 "THE PLOT TO OVERTHROW CHRISTMAS."

A radio fantasy by Norman Corwin.

Cast: Narrator, David Jones; Timothy Birch; The Devil, Peter Plumley; David Jones; Simon Legree, Nick Kendall; Ivan the Terrible, Marvin Farkas; Lucifer, Reggie Granville; Santa Claus, Reggie Granville; Soho Voo, David Lytle; Violinist, Moira Rae; Technician, Ronald Minihinnit. The play produced by David Lytle.

8.50 BBC CONCERT HALL.

Hodie - A Christmas cantata for voice and orchestra.

By Vaughan Williams.

10.00 "THE STAR WE FOLLOW."

(LONDON RELAY).

A commonwealth Christmas journey.

On Christmas Day, 1955, we tell of the "wise men" of our time who are searching out the secrets of the world in which we live. From many parts of the Commonwealth, from Africa and Asia, from Canada, from West India, Australia, New Zealand and the United Kingdom, come

and the United Kingdom, come stories of the great efforts being made to relieve human suffering, to combat disease and ignorance, and to give the means of a better life to all the peoples of the Commonwealth.

Written by Louis MacNeice and Rutherford Calder. Produced by Laurence Gillard and John Bridges.

Musical composed by Mayan Seiber. The London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Walter Goehr.

11.00 HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN (LONDON RELAY).

11.05 ELIZABETHS (LONDON RELAY).

11.10 ELIZABETHS (LONDON RELAY).

11.15 ELIZABETHS (LONDON RELAY).

11.20 ELIZABETHS (LONDON RELAY).

11.25 ELIZABETHS (LONDON RELAY).

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2.15 ELIZABETHS (LONDON RELAY).

2.20 ELIZABETHS (LONDON RELAY).

6.00 Margaret Leighton and Allstar Slim in "THE BOY WHO WOULDN'T GROW UP."

Produced by William Hughes.

6.15 PROGRAMME SUMMARY.

6.20 "THE BOY WHO WOULDN'T GROW UP."

6.25 "THE BOY WHO WOULDN'T GROW UP."

6.30 "THE BOY WHO WOULDN'T GROW UP."

6.35 "THE BOY WHO WOULDN'T GROW UP."

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9.40 "THE BOY WHO WOULDN'T GROW UP."

Benny Goodman and his orchestra.

8.55 "I'm a Ding Dong Daddy."

9.00 "I'm a Ding Dong Daddy."

9.05 "I'm a Ding Dong Daddy."

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9.20 "I'm a Ding Dong Daddy."

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9.35 "I'm a Ding Dong Daddy."

9.40 "I'm a Ding Dong Daddy."

LEARN YOUR CRICKET

ATTACKING FIELDING

TO field well you must learn not only how to stop the ball but to return it as quickly and accurately as possible. By so doing the fielder makes run-getting difficult and sometimes can get a wicket by a run-out.



Gathering the ball.

The chief principles in this attacking technique are:

(1) Be on the move towards and watching the batsman as the ball is bowled, with your body balance slightly forward and ready to accelerate in any direction.

(2) Get on to the line of the ball as quickly as possible.

(3) Get down with your body sideways and with hands down just in front of your right foot. All the weight is on this foot and the left foot is carried slightly away for natural balance.

(4) Keep your head down and watch the ball right into your hands.

In this position the body is naturally placed for the throw.

Good throwing is the spearhead of attack in the field. For fast and accurate throwing you should, from the attacking position:

(1) Carry your right arm, with wrist cocked, straight back until it is in line with your right shoulder, at the same time:

(2) Throw your left hand straight towards the wicket at which you are

aiming. This acts as a rudder and is most important for control of direction.

(3) Keep your head as still as possible, with eyes fixed on the target.

(4) Aim at the wicket-keeper's head, never at the stumps.

(5) Follow through with your right arm, which at the end of the throw should be pointing down at the target.

[Taken from "Cricket—How to Play," produced by the M.C.C. and published by Educational Productions Ltd.]



Aiming the throw.

Colorful! Comfortable!

IDEAL FOR CHRISTMAS

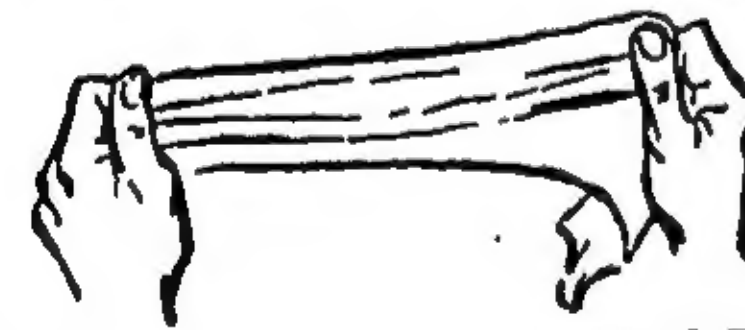
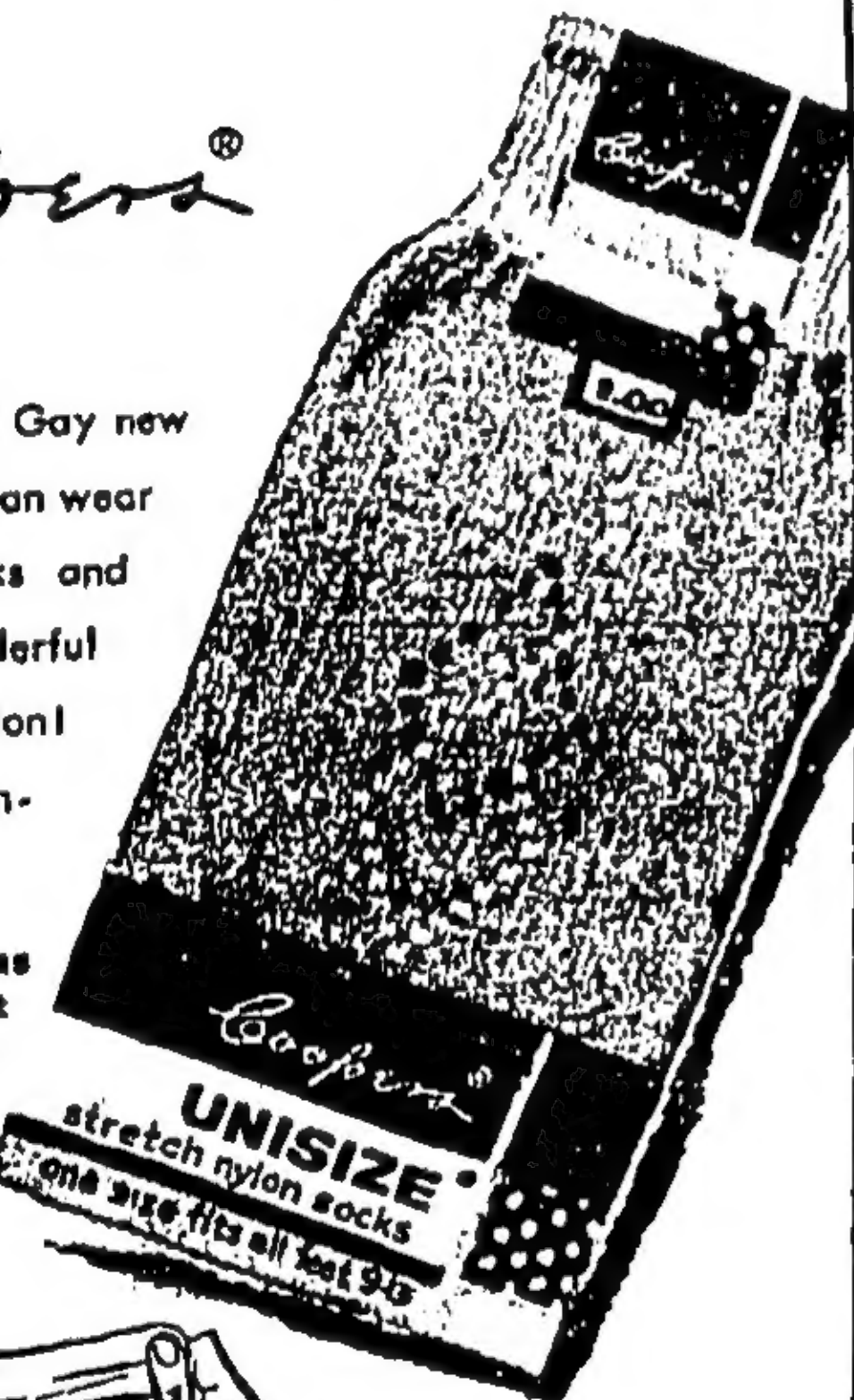
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Famous Sports Stars I Have Met JIMMY WILDE

By ARCHIE QUICK

The prosperous looking young man who had paid several guineas for his ringside seat at the Dai Bowler-Jake Tull fight scoffed in open disbelief when someone told him that the portly gentleman in the Press seats was the one and only Jimmy Wilde.

He would have found it even harder to assimilate what was an undoubted fact if he had seen the great Welshman in his active days. Then he made seven more quite comfortably; now he is more than double in weight.

"The Tylorstown Terror," "The Ghost with a Hammer in his Flats," were just two of the tags attached to the little miner of the Rhondda Valley, who, even when pounded inside the flyweight limit, had the temerity to take on Bantamweight stars of the magnitude of World Champion Pete Herman. There has never been anyone like him.

All the money he made in the ring he lost outside of it through no fault of his own. He invested it in South Wales enterprises, and was caught out by the depression. Now he is the valued observer of the boxing scene for a national newspaper. Yet he has a lively contempt for almost everything that is modern in the fast world. Boxers, managers, promoters, trainers—all of them are "not what they were in the old days," he retorts. He is shrewd in his assessment of anything clever he sees in the roped square; but generally he is blithely critical.

"TOO SOFT"

Wilde has often told me that present-day training methods are all wrong, and that boxers are "too soft." Jimmy's idea of preparation is constant fighting, not sparring with headguards on. "Boxers have forgotten how to use their feet," he once told me. "It is the most important phase in boxing like it is in cricket. People used to say I knocked out my opponents by spilt-second timing rather than by heavy punching. Actually, it was because I got into the correct position with my feet that I was able to land the so-called 'timed' blows with power."

Wilde will always tell you he would never have gone into the ring against Herman at the old NSC if it had not been for the then Prince of Wales being present. Herman, as if a World Bantam title-holder did not have sufficient advantage over the wisp of a Welshman, came in sadly overweight. His surprise loss to Tancy Lee he attributes to influenza and the desire not to let the promoter down.

His defeat by Pancho Villa for the World Flyweight Championship came "after I was over the top but needed the money through business losses." His hardest fight? Against Joe Conn at Stamford Bridge. It was during World War I and as purses were illegal his reward was "a bag of diamonds." There was a greater bond between boxer and manager in those days as you realise when he speaks with affection of the late Teddy Lewis, while the only real trainer he ever had was his wife, from boxing booth days onwards.

It's A Funny Game

David McFarland, Partick Thistle outside-left, is wondering what next is going to happen to him. He has just lost his first team place with Partick but has been chosen for Scotland's "Under 23" eleven!

WHEN THE CUP-TIE COMES AROUND....

EVERY PLAYER SECRETLY HOPES—THIS YEAR IT'S OUR TURN FOR WEMBLEY

Says DON REVIE

It seems only a few short weeks ago since I was walking out of the dark tunnel at Wembley into the glorious May sunshine along with my Manchester City team mates to do battle with Newcastle United for the Cup.

How quickly the months have flown since that sad Saturday for City fans, and now in the dull days of December, here we are again with the big brothers of football coming into the Cup competition.

What a wonderful thrill the Cup is for players, fans and officials. Just at the stage of the season when the first hustle of matches is over and the League is becoming the long slow grind, the Cup with its knockout thrills comes to cheer us up.

No matter how long a player has been in the game he still gets that tensed feeling in the stomach when Cup-tie time comes round. Even Roy Paul, Manchester City's Iron Welshman, who has never turned a hair playing in internationals or tough League matches, was as nervous as a kitten before the semi-finals last season.

OUR TURN?

You would be surprised if you could see footballers on Cup draw day. They prowled around the club offices waiting for news—believe me the fans are no more excited than the players in that respect!

Deep down, every player (particularly those in the First Division) secretly hopes that "this year it will be our turn for Wembley."

Yet who can deny that the eventual Cup winners are almost invariably in the top half of the First Division. Who do you fancy next May? Wolves, Charlton, Sunderland, Portsmouth, all have their supporters chanting "this year we'll win the Cup."

Personally I think the Cup will come north again. I can give you two clubs who I think have a great chance of being at Wembley next May. They are Burnley and Bolton Wanderers. Everyone knows that jock plays a great part in reaching the Final. But Burnley must be among the fancied candidates because at the moment they have conceded only 20 goals, and have, I would say, the most compact defence in the First Division.

You generally find that the best Cup fighting teams have a first-class defence and a goal grabbing forward line. Burnley's Bantamweight forwards certainly strike hard and fast when they go for goal—that's why I think they are in for another good Cup run such as they had in 1947 when they lost in the Final to Charlton.

BOLTON THREAT

Now Bolton Wanderers. Like Wolves they are among the hardest clubs to boot on their own ground. They have a good half back line; and with Nat Lofthouse bang on form, they have an attack to be feared. Again, clubs generally have a period when they are always threatening to win the Cup. Didn't Blackpool and Newcastle United both get to Wembley three times in five years? Bolton were there in 1953. And if they get a few home ties this time I wouldn't be surprised to see them get to Wembley again.

On present form no one can ignore Matt Busby's Manchester United side as the most likely team to do that elusive double of Cup and League. They are a young fast side; always chasing the ball; morale is high after recent successes; and with the shrewd brain of Matt Busby guiding them United must always come into the Cup reckoning.

I would put Wolves on the list as well, but for some strange reason they have not been getting results away from home.

Now watch for the usual Cup upsets to start all these theories.

The glamour of the Cup gives millions the thrill of a lifetime. My greatest Cup thrill was in 1949 when Leicester City played Luton. We led all the way like this 1-0, 1-1, 2-1, 2-2, 3-2, 3-3, 4-3, 4-4 and then into extra time when Luton led for the first time 5-4. With 30 secs to go Mel Griffiths took a corner and Jack Leo headed the equaliser to make it 5-5. We went on to beat Luton before losing to Wolves in the Final. My saddest Cup memory.... when Jimmy Meadows turned and twisted the ligaments of his right knee in the 18th minute of the last Cup Final. When he went off, Manchester City's hopes of saving the game went with him.

AID THE REF

The big talking point these past few days has been: Do senior professionals and amateurs help referees as much as they could in the handling of a game. My own view is that all footballers could do more to make it easier for the man with the whistle. From the playing point of view it has always been considered sound tactics to get your defence covered up before a free kick can be taken.

Yet often the methods employed spoil the game as a spectacle. It is unnecessary for footballers to kick the ball high into the stands to waste time when a little flick into touch would serve the purpose of stopping an opposing attack.

It is unnecessary for players to stand over the ball instead of moving the required ten yards distance. And it is unnecessary for goalkeepers to waste time in taking goal kicks.

Results count in Soccer, and it can be argued that devious tactics always were part of the game. Yet have we not now reached the stage where Soccer means every spectator, and there are many people fed up with the amount of time wasted in League matches?

One of the great features of good captains like Joe Mercer, Johnny Carey, Harry Johnston (all of them now managers) was the way they helped the referee and kept a grip on their own men. Billy Wright continues this tradition.

And in the case of the Moscow Dynamos they set an example because the only man they allow to speak to the referee is their captain. This eliminates the flurry of activity we sometimes see in Britain with protesting players clustered round the referee.

DISCRETION

Of course he can wave them all away—but why should he be bothered at all? The captain is the man to make the official protest to the ref.

Referees have a great deal of power and discretion which they can use on the field. But it is always possible in Soccer—as in industry—to go slow.

At the moment we are at the stage where a player is applauded if he runs and fetches the ball for an opponent. Yes, I

know a free kick or throw-in might be taken before he is back in position and a goal scored as a result—but surely even in professional Soccer we can have sportsmanship. Difficult I know, when results count for so much—but the player who persistently wastes time and doesn't co-operate with the referee should be warned; and if he persists, then he should be sent off!

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Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Rocky Marciano, Heavy-weight boxing Champion.
2. Don Cockell, the British Champion.
3. Tony Trabert, Wimbledon Men's Singles Champion.
4. Chris Chataway, Brian Hewson and László Tabori, who, at London's White City, were all under four minutes in a Mile race.
5. Marilyn Bell, who swam the English Channel.
6. Lindwall and Miller.
7. Tyson and Statham.
8. Brough and Du Pont.
9. Hobbs and Sutcliffe.
10. Diane and Rosalind Rowe.
11. (a) Archery (b) Bowls, Bill Ponsford.
12. Four. Bob Fitzsimmons, Tommy Burns, Primo Carnera and Max Schmeling.
13. Bobby Riggs completes the list of successive Wimbledon champions.
14. (a) Peter Thomson (b) Jackie McGlew (c) Chris Chataway.
15. Tunney, Schmeling, Baer, Braddock.
16. (a) Jim Corbett (b) Jack Dempsey (c) Primo Carnera (d) Jess Willard.
17. (a) Cricket (b) Billiards (c) Hockey (d) Squash.
18. (a) Lawn Tennis (b) Horse-racing (c) Baseball (d) Yachting.
19. (a) New Zealand's Rugby Union team (b) New York Yankees Baseball team (c) Wolverhampton Wanderers (d) Tottenham Hotspur, both English First Division soccer teams.
20. Arsenal.
21. A wicket.
22. A maiden over.
23. A nasty lie.
24. 40-love.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1955.

JOHN CLARKE'S CASEBOOK

The Sad Girls

HAROLD felt exceptionally well pleased with life, and it seemed to him, as he sailed along the Strand, on his way to a theatre, that only one thing marred his mood of exaltation—the faces of those who passed him by in the street. The faces of the girls he saw, in particular, were gloomy, and some of them looked, true, for most of them, a long English winter was beginning, while he, within a few days, would be heading towards the sunshine of his native South Africa. But still, it was surely a crime for pretty girls to ruin their looks with pouts and frowns as many of these were doing.

A BIT OF FUN
HAROLD decided to do what he could to brighten up life for the sad-looking girls. He picked upon a pretty one who was staring despondently into a shop-window. He addressed to her a string of exquisite compliments. But he did it in Afrikaans, and the girl failed to catch the gist of what he was saying. She fled. So did several others whom Harold, similarly accosted.

All the time, a policeman was watching. As the girls scattered, the officer approached Harold. "What are you doing?" the policeman asked. "Having a bit of fun," Harold said frankly.

CAREFREE
THE policeman told him to go away, and Harold did, marching up to another girl. He had hardly begun his set speech in Afrikaans, when the policeman arrested him for being drunk and disorderly.

At Bow Street next day, Harold pleaded not guilty to that charge before Mr. Bertram Reece.

The policeman told his story. "Tell me," Harold asked him, "did I try to resist you at all?" "Oh no, sir, you were very courteous," answered the policeman.

JUST A COUPLE
"YOU haven't told me what made you think he was drunk and disorderly," the magistrate reminded.

"Well, sir, he wasn't drunk and inebriated, but when I went up to him I noticed that his breath smelt, and he was a little unsteady on his feet."

"You only noticed that when you went up to him?"

"Yes, sir."

Harold went into the witness box. He told of the ticket for his homeland he had just received; of his happiness.

"What had you had to drink?" asked Mr. Fegg, the learned clerk.

"Oh, just a couple of beers."

A WAR DANCE
"PINTS, or quarts, or what?"

"Well, say five beers."

"Perhaps the South African 'couple' varies from ours," the magistrate said. "It means 'five,' evidently."

"No, I had three beers at lunch-time, and two in the evening," Harold said. "I was feeling full of spirits, so I spoke to these girls in Afrikaans. They looked at me as if I had been a South African barbarian. I almost did a Zulu war dance for them."

"You realise now, no doubt, that this is a somewhat hazardous form of fun," said the magistrate.

"I do," Harold answered with feeling. "Well, you behaved in a very extraordinary manner," said the magistrate, "and the officer was entirely justified in taking the action he did. But I think in all the circumstances, the charge is not made out. Case dismissed."

"Thank you, your honour," Harold said, and he took his leave as gravely as a native of these islands might, for whom an English winter lay ahead.

Red Accepts Challenge To Debate

Paris, Dec. 23. Communist leader Jacques Duclos tonight accepted a challenge to a political debate issued by the Radical-Socialist leader, M. Pierre Mendes-France.

In a letter to M. Mendes-France, the Communist leader took up the challenge with the terse phrase: "I will be present."

Earlier this evening the Independents refused the contest on M. Mendes-France's terms but said they were ready to take part in a "loyal and objective" debate, organised by all parties.

The challenge was issued on Thursday night when M. Mendes-France invited the independent leader, Antoine Pinay, the MRP (Catholic) leader, M. Georges Bidault, and M. Jacques Duclos to attend a big Radical-Socialist meeting next Tuesday night in Paris.

M. Mendes-France said that if they attended, they could reply to the speech he plans to deliver. —France-Press.

Was Prison Warden Master Imposter?

Huntsville, Texas, Dec. 23.

Texas prison officials are convinced they are the latest to be duped by master imposter Ferdinand Waldo Demara.

O. B. Ellis, state prison system manager, said an assistant warden known as "Dr. Benjamin W. Jones" left in a huff on Wednesday night after being confronted with magazine photos of Demara, to whom "Jones" bore a marked resemblance.

"I'm not going to stay around here and be insulted by Jones and stalked out. He hasn't been back."

Since then, Ellis has found clothing left behind by Jones bearing laundry marked "Demara."

"This is the clincher," Ellis said, "though there hasn't been a doubt in my mind since I saw his picture."

Performed Operation

An unidentified convict first called attention to the resemblance after seeing stories about Demara in a national magazine, which said Demara had performed an extraordinary lung

operation during combat in Korea while posing as a surgeon in the Royal Canadian Navy.

"Dr. Jones" was hired by the prison system last June 1 and was quickly promoted to assistant warden because of his skill in handling "tough" prisoners. He bolstered his application for work with imposing credentials and references.

"We have a dossier here on him equivalent to anything a bank president would require on a man whose job includes handling large amounts of money," Ellis said. —United Press.

PARATROOPER'S ORDEAL Spends Five Days In Mountains

Tacoma, Washington, Dec. 23. A plucky paratrooper and his droll Japanese wife embraced today in a warm reunion—a Christmastime kiss made possible through the sheer courage of a man who refused to die in the frigid mountain wilderness.

It was a happy ending to a story that started when Sgt John M. Horan of Maynard, Mass., leaped from a spinning plane last Sunday.

His wife, Teruko, and the couple's three children arrived at Madigan Army Hospital bedside at noon today. Horan was saying "How are you?" when he was smothered with kisses by his wife, who wept in joy.

Horan also heard good news from the hospital's cardiology chief, Col Robert D. Dickerson, who said the paratrooper would "completely recover" from the frostbite he suffered tramping through the deep snow of the Cascade Mountains for five days.

No Loss

"He has second degree frostbite of moderate severity," Col Dickerson said, "but he will have no loss of digits and he should recover completely."

Col Dickerson said he planned to have Horan "hobbling" today.

Hobbling is a word Horan knows well. He did it through the mountain snow on a pair of make-shift snowshoes until he found US Highway 10 and a roadside place called the Rustic Inn yesterday afternoon.

The "nightmare" was over for Horan, who leaped from a spinning airplane last Sunday. "I knew I couldn't stop if I was going to walk out alive,"

was the way Horan put his version of "a routine jump when I bailed out. But what happened afterwards was one big nightmare."

8 Feet Deep

"I guess the snow was eight feet deep in some places," he said. "It was soft and I sunk in up over my hips on occasion."

The Sergeant leaped out of an Air Force C-54 on Sunday shortly after noon, when the craft went into a spin over the bleak Cascades. He was relieved to learn the pilot of the plane righted the craft and landed it safely. —United Press.

Big Donation For Air Fund

Washington, Dec. 23. TV entertainer Arthur Godfrey has sent a \$100,000 Christmas cheque to the Air Force Aid Society to help Air Force families in need, Society officials said today.

The cheque represented Godfrey's proceeds from a series of Saturday Evening Post articles about his life.

Society officials said Godfrey notified them earlier this week that he was sending the Society the cheque. The Society is a semi-official Air Force organization which provides financial aid to air-crew members' families and widows. —United Press.

Rediffusion

12 noon, Tune Time: 12.15 p.m., Christmas Calendar, 12.30, Music by Royal-Special Christmas Show; 1. The Music Box Featuring Julian Gould At the Colosseum; 1.15, News and Weather Report; 1.30, Musician's Voice of Sport; 1.45, Requests presented by Jean; 3. Christmas Star Show from Evelyn Knight, Mandy Carroll, The Stars and Host of Other Popular Rediffusion Stars; 4. Christmas in the Morgan Manor; 4.30, Melody Magic; 4.45, Football Commentaries; 5. The Army; 5.10, Melody Magic. (Continued) 5.30, Birthday Mailbag; 5.35, Rayburn Parade; 5.45, Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols, from King's College Chapel, Cambridge; 7. Tune Signal and The News; 7.05, Weather Report, Announcements and Interlude; 7.15, Nick Kendall; 7.45, Story of The Carols; 8. One Silent Night—The Story of The Nativity; 8.30, Rediffusion's Voice of Sport; 8.45, The Shrine Hit Parade; 9.30, Hongkong's Christmas Party. Recorded at numerous Christmas parties held during the holiday season; 10.30, Santa Claus Bides Again—Featuring Christmas Music by Ann Rolt's Orchestra and Chorus; 11. Trimming The Tree; 12 Midnight, "Merry Christmas" Carols; 12.30, a.m., "God Save the Queen." Close Down.

TURKEY FOR LAST OF HITLER'S AIDES

Berlin, Dec. 23. A dwindling group of top Nazi war criminals will eat GI turkey this Christmas in the four-Power Spandau Prison.

Two years ago there were seven of Hitler's aides in the prison. Last year there were six. This year there will be only five. Next year there will be at the most four.

The Americans occupy the prison's rotating chairmanship in December, so Rudolf Hess and the four other inmates will get just about the same type of turkey dinner American soldiers get in their mess hall.

Whether Hess will eat his dinner nobody knows. Occasionally he goes on a brief hunger strike and defies his gaolers with quotations from "Mein Kampf."

Religious Services

Religious services also will be held at Christmas but Hess always boycotts them.

For Admiral Karl Doenitz, Hitler's successor as Fuehrer, it will be his last Christmas at Spandau. His 10-year-term expires next October.

And if the four Powers continue to release the prisoners as they are now doing there might be no one in the prison next year. However, Western officials deny there is any plan to close the prison down.

Grand Admiral Erich Raeder was released three months ago because of ill health after he served nine years of a life term.

Baron Konstantin von Neurath, Nazi Foreign Minister and "Protector of Bohemia," was released because of ill health two years ago after he served eight years of a 15-year term imposed by the four-Power Allied Military Tribunal at Nurnberg in October, 1946.

Only Inmates

Still in the prison are Hess, for life, Doenitz, Economics Minister Walther Funk, serving a life term, Munitions Minister Albert Speer, 20 years, and Nazi Youth Leader Baldur von Schirach, serving 20 years.

Famous Parrot Dies

Madrid, Dec. 23. "Pepito" the parrot, who upset train schedules with his whistle, is dead. Pepito, who was renowned throughout Spain, lived near the railroad station at the small town of Cestona near San Sebastian.

He made a perfect imitation of the station-master's whistle and caused a train to leave ahead of time.

The local railroad company lodged a complaint against the owners—but they could not stop Pepito whistling.

Today the parrot died after an attack of indigestion. —France-Press.

HERE IS THE ANSWER — TO THAT WIFE-&TWO-LOVERS PROBLEM

WHAT kind of person are you? A psychiatrist tells you, according to whether you blamed the HUSBAND, CARLO or ANTONIO in the story of Maria's death in a bandit-haunted wood.

If you blamed . . .

HUSBAND: You are reliable, stable, and possibly conventional, with dim views on family life and marriage. You may be the "strong, silent" type

if a man; or the clinging, dependent type if a woman.

CARLO: You are probably over 45, with the older person's tendency to blame the young. But you also have strict ideas of chivalry and behaviour.

ANTONIO: You are probably under 30. Unlike Antonio, you are still young enough to put gallantry before fear of losing your reputation. You are unconventional and possibly inclined to be impetuous in a good cause.

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News contributions, always welcome, should be addressed to the Editor, business communications and advertisements to the Secretary. Telephone: 2641 (5 lines). Kowloon Office: Salisbury Road, Telephone: 6144.

BIRTHS

VINE—To Joy Alison and Peter, at the Matilda Hospital, on December 24, 1955, a daughter, Barbara Evelyn.

BOTELHO—To Jenny and Francis, at St. Teresa's Hospital, on December 24, 1955, the gift of a son.

PERSONAL

BETTY CHURCH wishes her personal friends all the joys of Christmas and a happy New Year. She is very much regretted not being able to have her usual open house at "Eden" on Boxing Day.

SIB MAN KAM and LADY LO take this opportunity to wish all their relatives and friends a Merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year. They are reciprocating all kind wishes received. They hope they may be excused for not sending out individual greetings.

FOR SALE

JAPANESE GIFTS—Various charming dolls, new creations, bamboo lacquered contemporary household ware. Please stop at Lynton, 13 Jordan Road, Kowloon.

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SPECIAL CHRISTMAS SALE—Records, LP records, also newly arrived "Barrett & Robinson" upright piano, 35 inches. Perfectly reconditioned "Steinway" Grand, "Kautsky" "Morrison" and other quality and Continental new and second hand pianos, musical novelties etc. Mayfair Music Co., 23, Cross Street, telephone 2741.

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